

DEATH BY FRIENDLY FIRE

What do we do next  
in Afghanistan?



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## MICHAEL THEN AND NOW

His conversation with Brian D. Johnson

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## MICHAEL THEN AND NOW

Parkinson's disease has disrupted his acting career and is playing havoc with his body, but Michael J. Fox says he feels a great inner calm. As he raises money for the medical campaign against the crippling disorder, he wonders why it has also struck three of his Internet colleagues at CBC TV in *Vancouver*.

**16 Deaths by friendly fire** Four Canadian soldiers die in a U.S. bombing attack in Afghanistan, leaving both Ottawa and Washington facing tough questions. And as *Arthur Kent* reports, some coalition partners had been briefing at the Pentagon even before the attack.

**44 Switched-on Moses** No one loves television more than Moses Zimmer—and few can claim to have done more to influence its direction. Zimmer, who fosters the use of specialty TV and created techniques to break down traditional walls between performers and their audience, reflects on the medium's past and future.



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# The Mail

## Family tragedy

How can you describe someone who murders his family as a loving father and husband? ("Death of a family," *Covers/April 15*) So-called nice guys like John Hume are not generous, they are manipulative. Generous are self-serving and gifts have chains attached. Combine this with the paternalistic notion that wives and children are personal property and you can end up with even the wisest father thinking he knows best.

Joan Kaufman, Toronto

It seems that it is more important to define the spotlight on the person who did the crime rather than the brutal reality of family violence and the victims who remain. I, too, went to school with John Bauer and his wife, Helen, and I never saw him as "a loving father and 'pillar of the community.'" Helen was a great mom and a wonderful friend who will be missed.

Kathie Lorus, Vancouver

You make casual mention of John Bauer's father-in-law (Rud) Carroll, respected colleague and special friend. Carroll loved Canada and was prepared to die for his country when he fought through both the Italian and Northern European campaigns in the Second World War. Car-

roll loved his friends, his job at Molson and the Molson family, and would have defended them to the death. He loved his grandchildren and he died for them. How unbelievable and sad.

John P. Hayes, past president and chief executive officer, the Molson Co., Toronto

## Chronic fatigue

I was very impressed with your article on chronic fatigue syndrome, an illness that made all the publicity it can get ("Sick and so very tired," *Health*, April 15). My youngest son was very ill with CFS for four years, starting at age 11. These years were stressful for our family, but the situation

was made all the more difficult by the attitude of the medical profession and educators. Our family physician repeatedly diagnosed "school avoidance," despite the aversity of my son's symptoms. Two psychiatrists at the local children's hospital diagnosed "an immune system problem" and "depression." I finally made the diagnosis of CFS by doing my own research on the Internet. Educators were another hurdle with their attitudes ranging from mild skepticism to contempt. One junior high English teacher even shouted at me: "He doesn't look sick to me!" The singular cause of chronic fatigue syndrome may be beyond the current scope of science, but there does not mean that it is imaginary. Chronic illness is devastating. Why do we need to increase the suffering by being so judgmental?

Joan Willard, Calgary

CFS patients in my practice are encouraged to exercise, within their limitations, to improve muscle strength and prevent atrophy. Any activity, including exercise, must be paced so that the patient doesn't "crash" or end up in bed the following day(s). Resting before and after the activity allows the patient to do more and it promotes healing. Mission House, who maintains that "rest is useless," may not have read the literature regarding CFS published

## "Mrs. Dead Doctor"

I must add a footnote to John DeMont's wonderful article "Marriages by any name" (*The Back Page*, April 8). My family and I lived in Armstrong, N.S., in the 1960s and my mother has for years recounted the story of the "D. D. MacDonalds." There had been at some point two Doctors MacDonald practicing medicine in the town, but one died and when we lived there people distinguished "Mrs. Doctor MacDonald" from "Mrs. Dead Doctor MacDonald." My progeny became, generally, the D. D. MacDonalds. The joke for my mother, an Orthodox, was that D. D. MacDonald's daughter was Phyllis D. D. MacDonald and that "D"s would often remark, apparently without a trace of a smile, on having seen or conversed with Fiddle-D. D. And my guess is she's still known that way, whether most people know why or not.

Peter Macdonald, Atlantic City

in the *Journal of Clinical Psychology* (2001). In this paper, psychiatrist David Hasberg and psychologist Leonard Jason suggest that parents' schedule stress and stimulation manuals, even when less symptomatic. In 10 years of clinical experience treating CFS, I have found that this advice, when combined with anxiety pacing, leads to gradual improvement in functioning.

Dr. Allan C. Beckel, Toronto

CFS ended my 26-year career seven years ago. If my body is an engine with 10 cylinders, I operate on one. I look well, and this can complicate people's perception. At times I just need someone to show they understand. Your CFS article shows Macdonald understands.

John J.A. Nelles, London, Ont.

With regard to Stephen Lewis, I don't question that he had chronic fatigue syndrome, but to say he overcame it with willpower is difficult to believe and does not help the cause and understanding of CFS. Sufferers would be only too happy if all they had to do was rely on their willpower to restore better health or quality of life.

Valia Martin, St. Albert, Alta.

## The Mail

I was a 37-year-old divorced working mother who had met a wonderful man and the future looked so promising. The year 1989 was also the year I began my struggle with chronic fatigue and fibromyalgia. By building my symptoms and ignoring my complaints, the medical system failed me every time I tried to find out what this nightmare I was living was. I decided to go it alone, and with neurosurgical rather than medical practitioners, because I was losing precious time trying to fight a system that seemed unable to seek answers and doctors who seemed unwilling to think for themselves. We who have this illness will find the way, because within us is an incredible strength. Look what we have created on fit.

Joan Nelson, Waterloo, Ont.

## Where good comes from

I would love to see the day when moral behaviour and good deeds can just be equated with human nature rather than seen as a result of following a religion. The people in "Living the faith" (*Covers*, April



Photo: © Mary Macdonald

CFS is like operating on just one cylinder

I) may be crediting their good acts to an external source (higher power), but where does the fuel for the good acts of athletes and apostles to come from? Good and bad acts alike are committed by believers and non-believers. I prefer to take sole responsibility for my (and/or others') actions.

Karen Dwyer, Oshawa, Saskatchewan

## A voice for Canada

Although I was saddened by the passing of Dalton Camp and despairing for his unrivalled critique of the Canadian experience, I am heartened to find a new voice that seems to ring from a familiar songbook. I have requested and appreciated the opinions and comments of Allan Gregg over the years, but with his "Wake up, Canada" (April 8) the mantle is truly passed.

Murray Macdonald, Toronto

Allan Gregg's excellent article on the dear disconnect between what our citizens want and what the federal and provincial governments deliver was dead on. Only to be reinforced by succeeding articles on the Aspen ("Can the Aspen do it?" *Business*, April 8) and the lack of a national daycare scheme ("The daycare dilemma," *Life*, April 8). The one criticism I would have is that Gregg underplayed the corporate media's role in denigrating the will of the citizens through their campaigns of disinformation. The corpo-

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# Overture

Edited by Shonda Duceel with Amy Cameron

## Trespassers will be prosecuted

In a world where most mountains have been climbed and rivers bottled, the urban environment is the final frontier for a shadowy group of explorers. They play various games—infiltrators, agents of the underground, urban explorers—but they share a common philosophy: to go where they're not supposed to, and to share their conquests with the growing intensity of internet advertisements.

"Don't be disillusioned by rules; these are merely suggestions put in place to keep the weak-minded from hurting themselves" reads part of the site's manifesto for the **Urban Explorer Group**, whose website educate, board a dry docked B.C. Ferry and scaling high mountains of subterfuge, and the yellow jolly powder



at the docks of North Vancouver. In Edmonton, a similarly anonymous advertiser's Web site describes an attempted infiltration of two federal defence trainers, and contains pictures of illegal access to the racks and monstrous mechanical rooms of many of the city's largest office towers. It is the "hall of making the unknown known," the author writes, adding it is not a "casual enterprise, because in urban explorer contexts, we cannot during exploration (the act, not the act of trespassing)."

No kidding. The **Urban Explorer Group** has



this warning about an abandoned hospital in St. John's: "It is very unhealthy to enter this building. There are many unstable sections as well as the threat of asbestos." Toronto's infiltration—both a Web site and, quite recently, an underground magazine—recapitulates another risk, offering "a horrific war story of tales of nuclear explorers, persecuted by security guards, police and other card-carrying members of the forces of evil."

While the RCMP and Vancouver and Toronto police forces say they're never heard of these Web sites, the Toronto Transit Commission—whose subway



Explorers infiltrate a reservoir drain, pipeline and rock plant

tunnels are game infiltration targets—aware of the problem. "It's a life-threatening activity," says a TTC spokesperson, "and we'll arrest and prosecute anyone we find in prohibited areas." Risk, and bagging rights, are part of the attraction. "There are those who hold that putting oneself in mortal peril makes one feel more alive," explains a member of **Urban Explorer Canada** from Berlin, Ont. "But there are those of us who just get a kick out of it." **Ken MacQuinn**



## Kill me first, please

Toronto actor **Jeff Goldblum** is the star of *Kill Me First*, the 10th installment of Friday the 13th—his two previous. The movie opens with us at

any actor guarding Jason," says Goldblum, 26. "I'm not going to let it, but he's gonna [find the first one to go]. Ever since **David Berenson**'s early demise in *Scream*, being the "mass" victim has had a certain cool factor

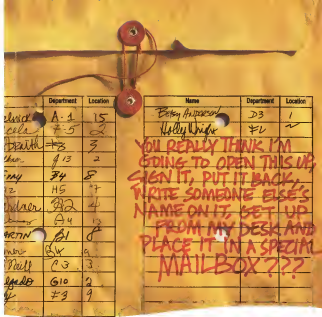
And Goldblum adds this useful coup to his already quickly resumé, which includes the top-gun-wearing role of **Mike Rossmore** in TV's *Daydream Believers*. The *Massacre* Story—a wide different kind of scary movie

## Over and Under Achievers

◆ **Josef Christian** Strugs off new U.S. military command for North America. What's Canada's policy on continental defense? Who knows, there's no PM. North America is where we live.

◆ **Anna Halpern** Gipsy. Several **Robinson** of *Mad* has lost responsibilities, but his film keeps foreign affairs critic job. Is she donating him or not? This counts as *Recess* in NDP circles.

◆ **Stackwell Day**: Costa Foreign Minister **Bill Graham** in spouting anti-government's decision to let terrorist group **Hezbollah** release "9/11" and humanitarian" funds in Canada. *Serious*. *Stack* lives.



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# Ever rented a cottage where the spiders were bigger than the fish?

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The Vinyl Café is the world's smallest and possibly most eclectic record store. Stuart McLean, best-selling author and two-time winner of the Stephen Leacock Award for Humour, is a frequent visitor to this imaginary store. He loves to share his tales of the adventures and misadventures of Dave, the shop's bumbling proprietor, his quirky wife and hyper-adolescent kids. Browse the shelves of The Vinyl Café with Stuart McLean, and you'll be sure to hear plenty of music by Canadian artists who themselves have interesting stories to tell. A visit to The Vinyl Café is an hour well lost, but not misplaced.

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Over to You **CRAG HOOPER**

## A return to darkness

When you drive into Prince George on a cold day, the pulp mill plumes hanging pooled over the city like malevolent cobwebs. On such a day last fall, I sat facing a panel of seven white members of the B.C. Liberal Party, the Select Standing Committee on Aboriginal Affairs. They didn't like what this middle-aged white man had to say about their proposed referendum on B.C.'s approach to treaty negotiations.

I was there because of my respect for the native elders I've come to know while researching aboriginal heritage trails in B.C.'s coastal Interior. I shared with the panel what I'd learned in 30 years working for the Ministry of Forests, where any job is to ensure loggers conserve cultural heritage resources. First Nations people have been occupying this land base for about 7,000 years. A little over 200 years ago, when the first European came down the river that flows a few miles from the hotel we were sitting in, you could still drink the water from the Fraser—the Likieles as the natives called it. Every creek, river and mountain had its First Nations name.

Like a gifted interviewee, the First Nations world had an entire layer of concrete cities, highways, farms, and white place names transposed upon it. Both worlds are important. Travelling through this modern layer and through the forest, I keep bumping into evidence of that First Nations world: hundreds of archaeological sites along rivers and lakeheads, the refuse depots of some underground winter lodges, thousands of pits used to store dried foods. When Alexander MacKenzie arrived in 1793, he found the natives living in organized societies managing the land through a complex family and clan system. They guided and fed him, drew maps for him on hide and bark and led him to the Pacific Ocean.

During visiting the restored Victorian cottage Point Ellice House in Victoria are probably not even that in 1892 it was the home of Indian reserve commissioner Peter O'Reilly. He worked for Joseph Trutch, the B.C. government's point man on the "Indian Question," who felt the best course was to relieve the First Peoples of as much of their land as possible, by force if necessary. O'Reilly rode through the Interior speaking to chiefs through interpreters, "organizing" reserves at each village. As his new Indian settlements rose, laying out the rectangular "bands" of the reserves, their survey lines conferred



a spurious legitimacy on what was, by definition, theft. The natives never ceded the land, the B.C. government had never declared a military conquest, and because of politicians like Trutch, no treaties were ever made.

As I did my historical research, a disturbing, if familiar, pattern emerged of collusion between governments, the church, and even corporations, to co-opt and cheat aboriginal people. Why are these past injustices relevant now? It's because in this referendum I see a return to that darkness.

In 1995, in the small town where I live, a native woman took her son to confirmation ceremonies with the Catholic priest. The family and the white priest went to a restaurant for lunch. The owner would not serve Indians. The restaurant owner is still in

town—he's getting old—but I'm sure he'll be serving in the referendum. Just two years ago, in the town shopping mall, this same woman—an Ojibwa of Canada supported by a minority ancestry degree—was having a conversation with a friend, also in her 80s, in their native language. They were spotted by the security guard who, when asked why he'd let it, replied that he couldn't understand what they were saying, so he assumed they were drunk.

This anecdotal piece will be missing in the referendum along with thousands of others who know little of aboriginal history or treaty issues and could care less—people whose negative stereotypes of an entire race are formed by their observations of a few inner-city dwellers and whose direct contact with native life or nature is driving through a reserve with their windows rolled up and their doors locked.

The women that I spoke of in my novel, but she still has hope for her people. She'll never get to participate in treaty negotiations because B.C. has stalled and stalled—and is stalling still. Most of the elders who lived close to the land are gone now, while the young are a ticking social time bomb.

The questions on the Liberal's (ranked-top) referendum, which must be resolved by May 15, expose it for the political charade that it is—a \$9-million mistake that is misleading, unfair, dishonest and totally counterproductive. I hope heavy judges don't sell.

Craig Hooper lives on the shore of Seabrook Lake, near Vanderhoof in coastal B.C.



# The Week That Was



## Justice for Randal

The history of damage inflicted on the frail body of Canadian boy Randal before his September, 1996, death makes clear why his is remembered one of the worst cases of child abuse in Canadian legal history. Medical reports told the seven-year-old boy had died of brain injuries likely caused by being shaken repeatedly. As well as dislocating arms, scars and bruises, a post-mortem on his emaciated, 48-pound body found 13 broken ribs, a fractured liver, a tooth in his stomach and a crushed adrenal gland that over sized the size of his heart.



and physician Maria Deeks, 52, told jurors the boy had been shaken gently during the year he lived with them in Toronto after leaving his parents who were in Ontario. Or that he was injured while playing with other children. Or that the other parent was the one responsible.

Crown prosecutor Rita David claimed otherwise. She argued during the three-month trial—that Randal was 61 victims and

received 92 years of victimization—that both parents were equally culpable in Randal's death. The jury agreed. Last week, after three days of deliberations, they convicted both Maria and Tony Deeks of second-degree murder. The court also ordered the parents' names to be removed from all public records, including charts of "testimonies." The couple, who automatically face life in prison with no chance of parole for at least 30 years, will be sentenced on May 3.

**Canadian free at last**  
After being detained by U.S. authorities for seven months, Shaker Bishara was deported home to Toronto. Bishara, a Canadian citizen born in Pakistan, was arrested in New York City three days after the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. The 39-year-old—age of about 1,200 foreigners stacked up in the aftermath of Sept. 11—suffered prison guards' shoves and roughed him up and that he spent five months in solitary confinement. He was charged three months after his arrest with illegally entering the United States and pleaded guilty. Bishara plans to join a class-action lawsuit against the U.S. government for unlawful confinement and inhuman treatment.

## B.C. search expands

Police investigating the disappearance of 53 women from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside turned their attention to a building where resident Gerald Miller Robert Pickett said his brother had low-light parties involving disposable white jumpuits. Forensic investigators searched the area around a building known to locals as Pickett's Palace. The property is an infamous site of Pickett's drug trade in Port Guelph, but which police began to search in February. Pickett has been charged with the first-degree murder of six of the missing women.

## Coup reversed

After having ousted former prime minister Jean Chrétien from power two days later, thanks to the troops who had kicked him out of office, they reinstated him after his re-elected majority won of thousands of supporters to take to the streets, leading to celebrations that left at least 49 people dead.

## Flood and fire

One month with a match was able to do what the raging waters of the Saginaw were unable to do in



1996, damage the little white house that became a symbol of the floods around the world. Firefighters were able to limit the suspected arsonist's firework mainly to the basement of the building, now a popular tourist attraction, that stood fire while others were swept away in the raging torrents that killed seven and drove more than 12,000 people from their homes in the region about 250 km north of Quebec City.

## Ribbits high and low

Researchers in California have shown that very low levels of the most commonly used weed killer in North America can cause male mice to develop multiple sex organs—sometimes both male and female. A study conducted in the laboratory of the University of California, Berkeley, found that mice exposed to a low dose of the herbicide, which is used to control weeds in agriculture, developed both male and female sex organs. The researchers are not sure whether humans are at similar risk.

## Kid porn virtually OK

The U.S. Supreme Court struck down parts of a federal law that made it a crime to create, distribute or possess virtual child pornography. The court ruled the law was unconstitutional and had the potential to jeopardize expression with artistic and literary merit. U.S. Attorney General John Ashcroft said the court's decision would make prosecuting child pornography "impossibly more difficult."

## Canada roars

Now it's official: Canada is becoming ugly. And it's likely to lead the

world in an economic comeback. The Bank of Canada raised its key interest rate to 4.75 per cent, the first hike in nearly two years, and analysts predicted the bank would continue to bring up the level by a total of a full point by year's end. The new rate was still a historically cheap 3.25 per cent, keeping the bank prime rate used for variable mortgages and lines of credit similarly low at four per cent. Meanwhile, the International Monetary Fund predicted Canada would lead the G-7 of Seven industrialized countries with a growth rate of 3.6 per cent in 2002 and 3.6 per cent in 2003. The recovery has confounded the pessimistic predictions of Finance Minister Paul Martin, who in December expected only a slight surplus under the federal government's fiscal-year ended on March 31 this year. Indeed, revenues are

## THE BOTTOM LINES

Ontario's surplus or deficit, in \$ billions



rowing, leaving the government open to attack for ignoring early steep-gate Sept. 11 security issues. Canada's surge contrasts with the U.S. where Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan left interest rates unchanged in the belief that the economy was still too fragile. The wider cross-border gap in interest rates is a sign in the Canadian dollar to a more around 53 U.S. cents than to go shopping.

## Pulling the switch

As Ontario Superior Court judge ruled the province does not have the authority to privatize Hydro One Inc., one of the nation's largest utilities, the province's plan to sell Hydro One, which operates the electricity grid, to the public this spring for a projected \$5 billion. But two unions, the Communications, Energy and Paperworkers Union of Canada and the Canadian Union of Public Employees, launched a legal challenge, claiming the sale would result in the skyrocketing costs that have arisen in other jurisdictions that have privatized electricity. Premier Ernie Eves and Justice Arthur Gauthier ruling will most likely slow the sale, but added interest will examine its options. That could include an appeal or overturning legislation to make the sale possible.

## Up in the air

Dear Santa: The 1992 Michael Film Board production *The Kid Who Saved Christmas* cast doubts on his heroics. First World War flying ace Billy Bishop has been a controversial figure. Now military historian Brenton Greenhouse has weighed in with a new book, *The Making of Billy Bishop*, in which he claims the Canadian pilot died about his wartime record of 72 kills and about the legendary claim and on a German airfield in June, 1917, that was hit by the Victoria Cross. But according to Greenhouse, Bishop's sponsors, who wanted to British Commonwealth hero to boost Canadian morale and to counter the Red Baron, encouraged him to exaggerate.

## Passages

**Awarded:** Calgary author and legend, *Shirley's* sonneteer **Will Ferguson** was given the *Maclean's* Award for Honour for his novel *Geography*. Another book by Ferguson, co-authored with his brother Ian, *How to Be a Canadian*, was also nominated for the \$10,000 prize.



**Orled:** In 1940, *Italy's* **Paolo** Second World War bomber pilot, was shot down and sent to a prison camp in Japan, southeast of Berlin. In 1944, he helped 75 men escape through the tunnel at Stalingrad. After being liberated, he returned home to Canada. Paoli, 62, died in Naples in the U.S. Oct.

**Orled:** Toronto, Ohio-born **Robert Urich** landed his first TV role in the 1973 comedy series *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, and later starred in *Splash*. For *How* the actor had a starring role in *Grease* in Ontario's Prince Edward County, Ont., 55, died of a heart attack, a year after his cancer in Los Angeles.

**Dropped:** New Scotia Crown prosecutors will not press all with right-sex-related charges against former premier **Donald Fagan**, 74, saying they believe he would not receive a jail sentence and that some of the complainants did not want to go to court.

**Orled:** In 1947, *Newspaper* editor **Tom Heyward** set out on a boat with his wife, to prove the *Polynesian* Islands could have been populated from the east. He died in the *Malaya*, his 103-day adventure led to a best-seller and to Oscar-winning film *Heyward*, 87, died of cancer at home near Alameda, Calif.



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## The Week That Was



A moment that still raises hurdles in Quebec

### Twenty years after

Last week marked the 20th anniversary of the publication of the *Constitution* and the enactment of it of the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms—a cause for celebration in Ottawa and bitter discussions in Quebec City. Hundreds gathered to celebrate the event at the National Arts Centre. Among the speakers, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, who as justice minister in Pierre Trudeau's Liberal government played an integral role in the negotiations that ultimately ended Canada's governance by one of the British parliaments, the British North America Act, Parliament and the Charter's adoption on April 17, 1982. Chrétien declared, was the "most profoundly democratic decision in our history."

Among other things, the Charter guaranteed freedom of religion and free speech, and reinforced the equality of the sexes, a landmark advancement of women's rights. Since 1982, the Supreme Court of Canada has made more than 400 Charter decisions—many of them on contentious issues such as separating

Sunday shopping restrictions, abortion law and discriminatory preferential rules. Potts have repeatedly indicated that Canadians like the Charter and believe it has become a defining element of the country.

That includes many Quebecers—who nevertheless remain angry about how the Constitution deal was reached. In an event likely remembered in Quebec as the "night of the long knives," federal parliamentarians and some premiers hashed the final details of the deal without the knowledge of their premier René Lévesque. Quebec is forced to sign the Constitutional Act of 1982, the failure of subsequent constitutional talks only contributed to anger in that province, which came close to voting 'no' in the 1995 sovereignty referendum. Last week, Premier Bernard Landry said parliament without Quebec's consent was "an anti-democratic gesture." He added that the 20-year impasse over the Constitution highlights the need for sovereignty. One Parti Québécois leader made his comments the same week the PQ lost three by-elections—its biggest ever overwhelming sovereignty.

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# DEATH BY FRIENDLY FIRE

The country mourns four soldiers—while Ottawa and Washington face tough questions

BY JOHN GEDDES in Ottawa

The only term we have for it is the impossibly inadequate Vietnam War-era phrase "friendly fire." It seems a better joke to apply that euphemism to the mighty explosion at Tarnac Pöhl, a dusty, desolate patch of Afghanistan. Four Canadian soldiers died there, the first killed in a combat situation since the Korean War, and eight more were wounded. They were hit by a so-called "orange bomb"—another modern military euphemism that now rings as false—a laser-guided, 500-lb. Bruce dropped by the American pilot of an F-16 fighter jet. In the grief that followed, there were many who remarked that this sort of mistake, sadly, happens in war. "It just reminds us all of the business we are in," said Brig-Gen Ivan Fentzen, the top-ranking officer in Edmonton, where the dead and injured soldiers were based. "We do dangerous things with dangerous equipment."

But that moral, soldierly response may not be adequate. The deadly danger of friendly fire was identified as a major military problem after the 1991 Persian Gulf War, when 35 of 148 U.S. deaths were attributed to such accidents. But how much bad change on the battlefield has resulted from these heightened concerns is an open question. Just last month, the National Audit Office, the British equivalent of Canada's federal auditor general, issued



Among the wounded (clockwise from above): Cpl. Shane Brennan, Master Cpl. Stanley Clark; Cpl. Brian Decaire; Cpl. Brett Perry (vacation photo, bottom); Pte. Curtis Hollister (top right); Pte. Hussein Likh with the Governor General (top left); Sgt. Corne Ford

## REMEMBERING THE FALLEN

All of the slain were paratroopers and members of Alpha Company, 3rd Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, based in Edmonton

Sgt. Marc D. Léves, 25, Lancaster, Ont.



A veteran of four tours of duty in nine years, Léves had served twice in Bosnia and once in Croatia. One mile from his Edmonton home, his wife, Marley, said, "I'm going to miss him very much, and I loved him very much, and I'm extremely proud of him."

Cpl. Amosworth Dyer, 25, Toronto



Known simply as Dyer, he was a big man who carried his squad's C-6 machine-gun. But the recently engaged Dyer was a gentle giant who never had a bad thing to say about anyone. "He was like my older brother," said Cpl. Yan Benabou, who accompanied Dyer's flag-draped coffin back to Canada. "He was always looking out for me. Now, all my tears to look out for him."

Pte. Richard A. Green, 22, Mill Cove, N.S.



Green joined the Canadian Forces in 1998, after graduating from high school. He'd served in Bosnia, and was planning to marry his fiancée, Miranda Beaulieu, this summer. His comrades called him "Sun-boy" for his affinity to the sun. "He enjoyed the airborne reputation," said his grandmother Joyce Clouston, "even though he was afraid of heights."

Pte. Nathan Smith, 27, Interlaken, N.S.



Smith also joined the Forces in 1998, and also loves a fiancée, Jody. He was a by-the-book soldier, said Pte. Michael Frank of Barrie, Ont., who accompanied Smith's remains back to Canada. Frank and Smith had planned to work on Frank's basement. "I'll still finish it but it won't be the same."



a rough report taking the British Ministry of Defense to task for not doing enough to protect its troops from friendly fire (nine British soldiers were killed during the Gulf War in an American air raid gone wrong). And a recent NATO analysis again tilted the blame, noting that "friendly fire" has accounted for many of the coalition casualties in the war against terrorism in Afghanistan.

After last week, a new sense of urgency in the Canadian Forces on how to minimize the risk of friendly fire is inevitable. Any reforms, though, will come too late for the dead and the families they left behind. One new widow's painful account of how she received the terrible news seemed to capture, with anguished, plain-spoken eloquence, the national mood of shock and mourning. "It was like the movies," Marley Léger, 27, told reporters in front of the Edmonstone home she had shared with her husband, Sgt. Marc Léger. "I mean, three men came to the door and took them by the back of the head and said, 'There's been an accident.' And I said, 'Is he OK?' and they said, 'No,' and I said, 'Is he gone?' And they said, 'Yes, I'm so sorry.'"

Sorry—and sorryful, too, of course. But there were also hints of anger and incredulity in the response of senior Canadian military officers. Gen. Ray Henault, the chief of defence staff, himself a pilot, was careful to note that the U.S. flyer who recklessly targeted the Canadians—they were participating in a nighttime live-air-ambulance training exercise—had to make a decision in a matter of seconds. Still, Henault seemed to have trouble remaining composed when he was asked if there was any chance the Canadians had failed to properly alert U.S. forces about what they were doing and where. "The operations and timing exercises are done with the full knowledge of our allies," he said. "So I am absolutely convinced that all of the mechanisms that have to be followed were followed."

That leaves another Emily fixed on the American pilot. He is reportedly a member of the U.S. Air National Guard—not a full-time military pilot. But U.S. military experts were quick to refute suggestions that might mean he was more private or naive. Maj. Brad Lowell, a spokesman with the U.S. Air Force, central command for the U.S.-led coalition in



Governor General Adrienne Clarkson, the commander in chief of the Canadian Forces, was on hand to greet the wounded as they arrived in Ramstein, Germany, to be treated in a U.S. military hospital (top-left photo); members of Parliament pay their respects in the House of Commons (above); in Edmonton, towns in the Prairie Provinces, an expression of sympathy for surviving family members.

Afghanistan, said someone train extensively with active pilots, and many are retired Gulf War veterans with combat experience. There were conflicting reports about whether the pilot in this case made his own decision or had authorization from ground control or an AWACS command plane high overhead to drop his bombs. He may have acted alone, believing he was under fire when he saw the flashes from the Canadians practicing on the ground. Lowell noted that U.S. pilots have the go-ahead to "take on targets of opportunity" as they see them, and to defend themselves.

But how the Canadians could have appeared to be al-Qaeda militants is hard to understand. About 100 were conducting a routine exercise just 14 km from the coalition base in Kandahar. The *Terraviva* Post says they were using had been clearly designated for such practice fighting, and were often used by coalition troops. According

to one Canadian soldier who has been there, it's a grim place, with a battered road passing by a bombed-out former al-Qaeda base on one side, and small, damaged farm plots on the other. This incident may now become a tragic part of the life of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, the model regiment of the paratroopers who were killed and wounded there. But the Canadian Forces' commander in Afghanistan, Lt.-Col. Pat Stenger, a 30-year-old black belt in karate, said the Paratroopers will finish the job in Afghanistan. "Our spirit is not shaken," he declared. "Our resolve is unswerving."

That sort of steadfastness is what Canadians want from their soldiers in the field. But politicians and the military brass back home will need to supply answers. Defence Minister Art Eggleton announced a board of inquiry into the incident, to be headed by retired general Michael Birt. Henault's predecessor as Canada's top mil-

itary officer. One member of the board, Brig.-Gen. Marc Dornan, will also serve on a parallel U.S. inquiry, after U.S. Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld invited Canadian participation. Christopher Holliman, an analyst with the Washington-based Center for Defense Information, said that, typically, this sort of inquiry in the U.S. resembles a "broad investigation," involving extensive interviews with everybody involved and an assessment of how the command structure functioned. Once a report is issued, the military brass decides what should happen next, which can range from a finding of no fault to a full court martial if the pilot is judged to have been negligent.

But beyond assigning blame in this tragedy, experts say real progress in coming down on friendly fire deaths will require new technology and better command systems. In military jargon, the issue is "friendly identification"—setting our friend from foe in often confused or chaotic battle situations. Joe Gordon, a technical adviser with the U.S. armed forces' Joint Canada Identification Evaluation Team, a research group set up in response to friendly fire concerns raised by the Gulf War, says the new systems already being tested are promising. One would be a lighter jet automatically beam a radio signal at its target, asking for identification before launching a missile or dropping a bomb. Friendly forces on the ground would be equipped with compatible devices that would automatically send back a message identifying them. The right question-and-answer sequence "could override the operator's decision to release the armaments," Gordon says.

But technological fixes are for later. Mourning comes first, and there is no answering when a cancer to grieving for youth wasted in war. "For this moment, we must give our love and prayers to the loved and the lost, and to the families to whom the nation holds a debt of gratitude that a beyond mortal celebration," Prime Minister Jean Chrétien said in the House of Commons. This phrase, "the loved and the lost," was used by Abraham Lincoln in a famous letter to a mother whose five sons were killed in the Civil War. Chrétien spoke to the families of the Canadians who died in Afghanistan by telephone, announcing that old duty of leaders whose nation find themselves burdened with an unspeakable debt.

With Julian Barlowe in Ottawa



# BAD MOVES IN THE GREAT GAME

Even before the tragedy, some coalition partners were bristling at the U.S.

BY ARTHUR KENT

A friendly fire tragedy places acute strain on any army, but its impact on an alliance can be explosive. Grief, frustration and anger build up through the stitching that holds the patchwork of national forces together. The crucible of anger questioning our coalition partners but never a completely satisfactory answer. That's because there simply is no excuse, particularly during a training exercise, for one warrior to shoot his brother in arms in the back, for the most basic functions of command and coordination to break down so shamefully.



In this case, for the American commanders of coalition forces in Afghanistan, the degree of killing highly valued Canadian allies is likely going to result in much more than mere embarrassment. Even before this horrific blunder, several of Washington's coalition partners were heading at the Pentagon's chronic overreliance on high technology and the Bush administration's unilateralist approach to conducting war and diplomacy. And now without reason the U.S.-led campaign in Afghanistan has suddenly splintered to a standstill, crippled by intelligence failures, under strength forces, chaotic and inept military allies and this sagging old hubbub of foreign newsmen to The Great Game, had luck.

In this context, the incident itself of Kandahar is causing some observers to predict a collapse of some uneasy Washington coalition partners, who've placed too many of their young soldiers lives on the line to just war for their next marching order in George W. Bush's war against terrorism. "Of course countries like Britain and Canada won't quit the field," says one diplomat associated with British troops now patrolling Kabul. "But officers and politicians from all nations in the coalition now have every right to insist on some big changes. They deserve not just to be heard by our friends at the Pentagon, but to have their advice accepted and acted upon."

These changes, according to insiders with ISAF, the International Security Assistance Force based in Kabul, will involve much more than ensuring that a part-time fighter pilot is told where a company of infantrymen from Islamabad might be disappearing up a five-five hills. They will focus, as well, on the overall strategy and conduct of the war.

Last week's admission by senior officials of the Bush administration that the campaign's commander, Gen. Tommy Franks, erred by not deploying more U.S. and coalition ground forces in the December assault on al-Qaeda forces at Tora Bora, perhaps making Osama bin Laden to escape to Pakistan, comes after months of grumbling, particularly in British military circles, that the Americans place too great an emphasis on aerial bombing, and too little on ground work on the ground. The recent admission of the capture of 1,250 infantrymen of Britain's Royal Marines is the direct result of complaints from London that Pakistan

glitches spend too much time with their heads in the clouds.

When American boots do get dirty, it's too often the case that coalition forces aren't even going into blind corners, handicapped by inadequate intelligence gathering and analysis. In early March, for example, in the Shahr-Kot district near Gardez, American commanders sent a small detachment of scouts into a valley that U.S. spies suspected was the hideout of enemy al-Qaeda and Taliban fighters. Instead, hundreds of enemy soldiers were dug in on surrounding peaks and ridges. The resulting ambush claimed the most U.S. combat casualties in a single mission since the Afghan campaign began last October.

Red-faced Pentagon spokesmen were forced to admit that as many as 1,000 gunmen were hiding in Shahr-Kot. But they insisted that every possible escape route was blocked by the more than 2,000 coalition soldiers who had been drawn into the battle. Operation Anaconda was meant to encircle the scattered bands of fighters, choking down on their escape routes with snake-like coils of coalition forces. But once again, precise information about the chase enemy was scarce, and the U.S. continued war slow to take full measure of the geography and assistance given to al-Qaeda and Taliban forces by tribal leaders in the region.

Despite intense bombing, only a handful of bodies were found. Soldiers in the scene admitted that plugging every gap in the region's border with neighboring Pakistan was impossible. When the Prince Paul followed up in their first mission in the region last month, sweeping Tigris Gul mountains, they too discovered that few enemy casualties could be confirmed. Agents this, the Bush administration's assistant chief "insiders of terrorism" had been killed near halfway. After all, only one senior al-Qaeda leader, the Zuhayr, has been captured in six months of warfare. Another has been killed: Mohammed Asif, Osama bin Laden's head of operations. But Taliban leader Mullah Mohammed Omar and most of his former cabinet are alive and well—and reportedly plotting their return to influence from sanctuaries in Afghanistan's interior and in Pakistan.

The West's military misuses do nothing to help Afghanistan's interim government, which is chewing the scenery of trying to balance the increasingly high hopes of the world community with the meager resources provided thus far by the UN and the U.S.-led coalition. Thus, the scars are weak of former King Mohammed Zahir Shah from 30 years of exile in Rome has been greeted with jubilation by the vast majority of Afghans, who see him as a symbol of unity and reconciliation. But his arrival had been delayed by a full month due to security concerns. Only a small crowd of officials met his plane at Kabul airport, and his motorcycle from the airport sped swiftly through the capital.

Only 10 days before, the interim defense minister, Mohammed Fahim, was targeted by suicide near Jalalabad. Four people were killed and 18 injured when a bomb exploded at the front of his motorcycle. Fahim escaped unharmed. The attack followed the rounding up of more than 250 people in Kabul over an alleged plot to overthrow the government. Fahim and his close associates



It's a damned what about the village

## THE RETURN OF THE KING

Dozens in white tanks and red scarves splashed in the heat of dusty white thousands of people lined the road, desperate to catch a glimpse of the former king. After 29 years in exile, Mohammed Zahir Shah, 87, returned to Afghanistan last week. He waved to the crowds and shook hands with tribal leaders before getting into a black Mercedes-Benz for the ride to his newly refurbished home in Kabul. "This is a sacred day," said colorist Juma Lomakhov, 55. "I think al-Qaeda won't be long to get to the country."

For observers expect the trail former king, who stepped from 1933 until he was ousted in a palace coup in 1973, to be more than a benevolent figure. He is seen as a peaceful, stark contrast to the warlords and Islamic fundamentalists who fought for control of the country following his ouster. In June, he will convene a top-level, national assembly of tribal elders and other Afghan representatives, who will select a new government to rule the country until elections in late 2003. There are no plans for elections of the country, but Shah could be seen to spend his last years serving his people. "In a period, who does his duty," he said. "I will carry out my duty or rather the people of Afghanistan will do better on me."

blamed Gholfdin Hekmatyar, the central villain of previous acts of Afghanistan's decade-long war-torn drama. But opponents of Zahir's ethically Tajik cadre, who dominate the interim government, claim that the specter of a coup by Hekmatyar was used as a pretext by the Tajiks to keep their rival Pashtun politicians off balance.

Tripped by this confusion and strife is the interim prime minister, Husein Khatib. Himself a living symbol of the lost opportunities of Washington's Afghan adventure. Ever since his ouster in last December, Khatib has appealed in vain to the Bush administration and the UN for more peacekeeping troops. Without them, he warned, the countryside would descend into chaos as the old warlords reclaimed their fiefdoms.

It's been proven right. Attacks on aid workers are common-

place—an Afghan UN employee was murdered in the northern city of Mazar-i-Sharif in early April—and even ISAF troops do not consider themselves safe, especially after dark, in the arms of the capital. In Kandahar last week, a gunman opened fire on two U.S. soldiers strolling through town. One of the Americans and a civilian were wounded in the attack. Meanwhile, a war of attrition is underway. U.S. forces are distributing handbills urging local Afghans to support the interim government, while al-Qaeda fighters offering bounties for the killing and kidnapping of Westerners have been pushed under duress at least one province, Paktia.

It is across this perilous landscape that Husein Khatib and his ministers must shepherd representatives from every province, district and valley in Afghanistan to the loya jirga, or grand assembly, in June. The assembly is the next crucial step toward free elections in 18 months' time. All of Khatib's powerful foreign benefactors have pledged their support. In the shadows, however, things aren't as clear or comforting.

That blowback prone victims of the Afghan war, America's CIA, seems unable to shake old bad habits formed in the pre-Taliban and Soviet eras. Even while Bush repeats the mantra, "There must be no end to warlords in Afghanistan," the CIA has tried to buy the loyalty of local warlords the old-fashioned way—by stuffing a lot of money in their pockets. In January of this year, traders in Paktia, Pakistan were reporting a surge in sales of big, musky panted fish. Payment was always in fresh U.S. bills, and it was mainly Afghanistan's self-proclaimed anti-Taliban local politicians doing the big spending. "The decision seems to be that if we can't put enough of our own troops on the ground to secure strategic provinces, then we've got to sit the next best thing—a friendly warlord," says one U.S. congressional aide. "Just because that approach blew up in our faces before and gave us the Taliban doesn't mean we won't try it again now."

That very concern aside, the Americans won't have long to wait before experiencing their next bad blowback. The re-plugging of poppies in many of the country's opium-producing regions is indirectly the result, say diplomatic sources in Kabul, of misguided patronage by the U.S. Several of the local commanders who sided with the Americans against the Taliban in Kandahar and at Tora Bora quickly turned their attention to organizing their share of opium cultivation and trafficking in their regions, which the Taliban took from them during their rise to power. Farmers, too, are eager to replant, and in one incident last month fired on officials of the interim government who offered too little in compensation to burn the poppies. One official was killed and four wounded. Widespread approval of the trade now seems impossible to prevent.

Some critics within Washington's intelligence circles say the upsurge in warlordism means there's an urgent need to redefine the end goal of the Afghan campaign. "For months, all you could hear around D.C. was the sound of everyone patting each other on the back for lacking the Taliban out of Kabul," says one analyst. "You couldn't murmur a word of criticism without being called aspersions. We've got to get over that and get back to the drawing board, big time." Even if that happens, a refined strategy will do little to console the grief-stricken families of Canadian friendly fire victims. Nor will it ease suspicions that the Bush administration was against terrorism has lost its way in the Afghan wilderness, and did so because a stroke of serendipity triumphed over the fog of war.





The bombing, says the author, is the latest in a series of attacks.

# THE IRAQ QUESTION

The Israeli-Palestinian conflict spells trouble for Bush's plan to take on Saddam

BY TOM FENNEL

The stretch of decaying bodega hangs over the Jewish refugee camp—invisible but undeniable evidence that something terrible has happened here. Women, trembling hands held over their faces in a futile attempt to block the smell, walk steadily through the mounds of rubble littered with the carcasses of hundreds of destroyed houses. They talk of angels above,

ing elderly men, richer attacks from helicopters, of people being burnt alive in their homes by Israeli bulldozers. "They haven't spared anything," said Razi, a 46-year-old mother of 10 in the grounds of the destruction surrounding her. "Not even children."

The Palestinians say as many as 400 people died in Jenin during a 10-day battle with the Israeli army. The Israeli claim 70 armed terrorists were killed. U.S. Sec-

retary of State Colin Powell travelled to the region last week in an attempt to negotiate an end to the bitter fighting that began on March 29, when Israel launched an offensive across the West Bank against militants, who have killed more than 450 Israelis over the past 18 months. But he made little headway with Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat or Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon.

The Israelis did pull their troops out of

a number of West Bank towns and towns, including Jenin. But in a final meeting with Powell, Arafat angrily refused to call for an end to the uprising against Israel, or even to explore Palestinian suicide bombings to stop their bloody campaign against the Jewish state. And the day following Powell's return to Washington, a Palestinian blew himself up in a car at a checkpoint in the Gaza Strip, injuring one Israeli soldier.

"The great America came in and accomplished nitch," said Ednan Lizar, director of the Beirut-Sadar Center for Strategic Studies in Tel Aviv. "The U.S. is the laughingstock of the Middle East."

While for Washington's long-range plans, Arab leaders gave Powell a cool welcome. In Beirut and Damascus and Beirut, he

was told Israel had gone too far and that Bush had to offer much stronger support for the Palestinians. And on Powell's scheduled second visit with Egypt's Hosni Mubarak, he was shunned outright when the president suddenly became "indisposed." All that spells trouble for George W. Bush's plan to open a second front in his war against terror by taking on Iraq. President Saddam Hussein this fall. With the Israeli-Palestinian conflict inflaming emotions in the region, and with Powell returning to Washington empty-handed, any move against Saddam will now likely have to wait until well into next year. "An attack on Iraq is absolutely not viable in the near future," says retired Rear Admiral Eugene Carroll, a Washington military analyst. "The Middle East cannot contain two conflicts at the same time."

Thawed by the anti-terror coalition's extraordinarily quick overthrow of Afghanistan's Taliban government, broke in the Bush administration, including Vice-President Dick Cheney and Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, believed they could oust Saddam in a matter of weeks. But in private talks with Bush prior to leaving for the Middle East, Powell convinced the President there can be no move against Iraq until fighting between the Israelis and Palestinians subsides. Certainly there is little support for an attack among Arabs. "We don't understand," said Jomana Bohani, a Palestinian who joined massive street protests against Israel in Cairo, "why someone people should pay if America wants to get at Saddam."

An attack on Iraq, which the Bush administration accuses of developing weapons of mass destruction and sponsoring terror, was high on the agenda when the President hosted British Prime Minister Tony Blair on April 7 in his ranch in Crawford, Tex. "I have made up my mind that Saddam needs to go," Bush said. But the speech, which was widely derided, said "The regime of Saddam is detestable," he said. "To allow weapons of mass destruction to be developed by Iraq would be to ignore the lessons of Sept. 11, and we will not do it."

Washington is continuing to lay the groundwork for an attack. The CIA has presented Bush with a plan to destabilize Saddam with a massive covert action campaign. While details of the plan have not

been made public, it's believed the CIA plan is to build a major broadcasting tower on the Iraqi border, near Hama in Turkey, which would broadcast the country 24 hours a day with stories detailing the cruelty of Saddam and his family. The broadcasts could also dwell on the fortune Saddam has hidden in bank accounts around the world. As well, the CIA is expected to greatly increase funding for dissident groups inside and outside of Iraq.

There are few in the U.S. military who believe Bush will wait beyond the end of next year before finishing what his father started more than a decade ago in the Gulf War. And some politicians, including British Foreign Secretary Jack Straw, say that, by plotting to invade Iraq, Bush may be trying to avoid the fate of his father. George Bush Sr. was riding high in popularity after the Gulf War, but he failed to be re-elected when the focus turned to domestic issues and the upcoming U.S. economy. With a victory over Saddam, and by keeping America on a war footing, his son would be difficult to defeat.

The trigger for an attack, if it comes, will likely be increased U.S. demands that Saddam open the country—even his policies—to UN weapons inspectors. The Iraq dossier will have no choice but to release, analysts say, which is the excuse Washington will use to move against Baghdad. "When the president runs for a second term in 2006," said a senior Bush political adviser, "Saddam will be one of power and probably dead—that's the game plan."

But if the U.S. proceeds, it will likely have to attack without full Arab support. There is no Arab backing in the Middle East for an Iraqi offensive that analysts believe some Arab regimes, including Saudi Arabia and Egypt, could be toppled in mass uprisings if they helped the U.S. invasion. "Even if the leaders agreed with the United States that Saddam is a bad for Iraq," says Joe Stork, an adviser with the Washington-based think-tank Foreign Policy in Focus, "their people wouldn't support it."

Over the past two weeks, Cairo has already seen some of the worst protests in recent history against Israel and America. Some analysts have speculated that if the United States took a hard line against Israel, Arab leaders might be more inclined to back an attack on Iraq. But others say









Legault says Christie will attract the eyes of the world to a place that doesn't need that kind of attention.

# Wilderness worries

Kananaskis Country's fans fear the G8 summit will wreak irreparable damage

BY BRIAN BERNMAN

Stephen Legault is paid to lobby on behalf of the environment, but when it comes to Alberta's spectacular Kananaskis Country, one suspects he would gladly do it for free. Legault, the executive director and co-founder of Wild-

ernesses, which uses Internet technology to wage conservation campaigns across Canada, loves it. Careless, the nearest viable community to Kananaskis, is one of this June's G8 summit of leaders from eight major industrialized nations. When Legault talks about the sprawling 4,000-sq-km of Rocky Mountain wilderness that is

Kananaskis Country, it's with the passion of one who knows he has a slice of paradise at his doorstep. "It's got some of Alberta's landscapes rolled into one," he enthuses. "You can stand in the foothills and look to the prairie stretching to the horizon. Then, you turn 180 degrees and see mining pits, strip-mined and glacier-  
 10

Down below is a raging river where you can fly-fish or paddle. It's the sort of place that makes an incredible impression and you return to again and again."

Kananaskis Country is a bit of an enigma. Straddling the much better known Banff National Park in rice and gardens, Kananaskis is an amalgam of provincial parks, forestry nurseries and recreational areas just west of Calgary. Former premier Peter Lougheed's Conservative government snatched it all together in the mid-1970s, using more than \$250 million in proceeds from the Alberta Heritage Savings Trust Fund. Yet unlike Banff, which many believe has been nullified by excessive resort and retail development, Kananaskis remains very much a wilderness area. Conservationists like Legault have fought hard to over down various proposals to commercialize Kananaskis, and with considerable success. But they now worry that could all be jeopardized by Jean Chrétien's decision to hold the G8 summit there on June 26-27. "He's going to attract the eyes of the world to a place that doesn't need that kind of attention," says Legault. "We're afraid that in two days the Prime Minister could very well undo all the hard work by Albertans over the last 15 years to protect this area."

Legault's concern is that the extraordinary beauty of Kananaskis, which until now has been one of Calgary's best-kept secrets, will soon have developers knocking at the gates—and that Ralph Klein's business-friendly Alberta government will be only too willing to oblige them. Although Kananaskis currently attracts about one million visitors a year, over 85 per cent are from Calgary. Most plan themselves down in one of the area's 75 modest campgrounds, or simply go there for the day to hike, canoe or mountain bike—and then head home. The so-called Kananaskis Village, where the G8 leaders and their entourage will assemble, consists of two hotels, with about 400 rooms, and a small general store. The handful of permanent residents in Kananaskis Country, mostly government and tourism employees, are easily outnumbered by touring greeters, campers, hikers, skiers and others.

It was precisely that inclusion and tranquility that attracted Chrétien to the first place. The Prime Minister announced the choice of the site at the conclusion of last year's G8 summit in Genoa, Italy. That event was marred by street riots which left one anti-globalization activist dead and hundreds of protesters and police injured. Chrétien, who expressed doubts for the very media coverage of the violence overshadowed summit deliberations, was looking for a site that seemed easy to secure (there's only one main road going into Kananaskis Village) and would provide visiting heads of state with an opportunity for some reflection.

But some of the protesters planning to show up at this year's G8 summit believe they may have the last laugh. Thousands of RCMP and city police officers will be deployed in June to secure potentially hundreds of square kilometers of rugged Kananaskis wilderness as well as patrolling the streets of downtown Calgary, where many of the visiting G8 functionaries and media are to be housed. By some esti-

mates, Ottawa will spend more than \$300 million to host the summit, much of it going toward security. Even so, that, opponents were recently left red-faced after it was revealed that building plans showing exactly where world leaders will meet had been available on the Internet for weeks. "If they'd held it in an urban centre like Ottawa they could have contained it," says Alan Keane, an organizer with Co-Moon Collective, which helps train Canadian protesters. "Instead, they'll have to secure several sites, spending millions of dollars of taxpayer's money." Keane doesn't sound at all dismayed at the prospect.

Saying a wilderness summit presents many unique challenges. For the first time at such an event, Ottawa has appointed a full-time environmental coordinator who is evaluating all summit operations—including security—on minimum damage to local flora and fauna. Among other things, police personnel will receive eco-sensitivity training on how to avoid trampling fragile plants or disturbing nests of endangered species such as the harlequin duck. They will also be taught to deal with possible attacks from elk, moose and other wildlife, which may be nursing their young at summit time. Officers patrolling extended backcountry duty are even being

issued poop bags and pet bowls to ferry their own bodily wastes out of the woods. As RCMP Cpl. James Johnston, a spokesman for the summit security team, delicately puts it: "The point is not to leave any lasting human scars out there."

For all the good intentions, police say their overriding concern has to be security and public safety. And while most environmental groups are urging protesters to stay out of Kananaskis Country during the summit, activists like Keane are undeterred. "You have to look at the big picture," says Keane, who lives near Nelson, B.C. "The policies of the G8 countries are destructive on a global scale. The minor damage a few hundred people might do to Kananaskis is negligible, but I think it's worth it."

While immediate risks to the environment are an obvious concern, far more worrisome for groups like the Alberta

**Police will receive eco-sensitivity training so they will minimize damage to local flora and fauna**

Wilderness Association and Wildcanada.net is the spectre of overdevelopment in the longer term. Two years ago, the environmental lobby helped scuttle a Calgary developer's bid to build a luxury resort and four boat operations at Spray Lake, next the western edge of Kananaskis Country Under pressure, the Alberta government agreed to turn the area into a provincial park. With the G8 summit looming, Legault and others are calling on the province to instead protect status to all of Kananaskis Country (about 60 per cent of it is now covered). In an interview last week, the province's Community Development Minister Gene Zandbergen, who is responsible for Kananaskis, declined to make such an undertaking. He did say, however, that the government "wants to keep the area in pasture as we possibly can."

Legault doesn't find that very reassuring. "Economic development is what this government is all about," he says. "When some really big player comes in after the G8 and says he wants to promote tourism and add to Alberta's coffers, I have no confidence the province won't buckle." If Legault is right, the harm done left by Chrétien's wilderness summit may be proven irrefutable.





BY MICHAEL LEVY FOR JEEP

## Open the gates wide

### How immigrants strengthen the Canadian identity

BY RYLAND GRIFITHS

Immigration, an effect on our collective identity is one of the most compelling and often contentious issues facing Canada today. But so much of our thinking about the subject is fixated by debate about its impact on the economy. As someone who spends his working life dealing with Canadian history—but who likes to look to the future as well—I'd like to make another point about the subject of new people coming to our shores. By first diluting Canada's identity, as some critics like to suggest, immigrants offer our best hope in the future of reimagining it.

The problem, before we even get to my thesis, is the degree to which all discussion about immigration seems to revolve around economic considerations. Consider the preliminary findings of the 2001 census, which showed that new immigrants were mostly responsible for the four-per-cent growth in the population of Canada since 1996. From Jean Chrétien on down, government officials seized the message that increased immigration is key to future economic development. This argument encourages us to see immigration primarily as an economic good. But when you start to talk about cultural consequences of immigration, politicians usually

ably discuss official multiculturalism, a 30-year-old policy that is increasingly unpopular with Canadians for its promotion of a hybridized national identity.

Canadian attitudes towards immigration mirror and then diverge from the government line. A recent Léger Marketing survey indicates that three-quarters of Canadians think immigrants make an economic contribution to the country. But the same poll finds that half of Canadians feel we accept too many immigrants. Forty per cent think Canada is too open to political refugees. Alongside political support for immigration, many of us wouldn't mind a less competitive job market, or living in communities where people look like "us," eat the same foods and speak the same language. The Léger poll suggests that our commitment to immigration is skin-deep—self-interest and economic preservation still trump social tolerance.

Those figures imply that anti-immigrant sentiment will run high. One way to change that is to make the point that the closer you look, the more you realize that immigrants, despite their disparate cultural interests, strengthen our common values in very deliberate and specific ways. In fact, we should double immigration rates not for economic reasons, but

to ensure the preservation of a common set of Canadian values and way of life.

In five years of exhaustive polling by my organization—the Dominion Institute, a history advocacy organization—the data has consistently shown that immigrants know more about Canada and Canadian history than natural-born citizens. That applies not only to knowledge of Canada's civic institutions and the way government functions, but also to such issues as Confederation and the formation of the constitution. Some argue that this is more trivia—the product of newcomers having to write a basic citizenship exam. But this kind of knowledge represents cultural capital that makes our society work: it allows us as citizens to talk intelligently together about the public good.

Immigrants bring unique experience of what it means to be Canadian. For most immigrants, coming to Canada is the result of a critical choice. It may sometimes be an ambiguous one, where memories of a lost homeland mix with the problems of integrating into a new society, but it's still a conscious decision. Because they're the emotional product of both their homeland and adopted country, they constantly question what it means to be Canadian.

By contrast, those of us born here often take Canada for granted. We assume that the country as we have known it in our lifetimes will continue our contribution to that process to vote and, perhaps, renew our passport every five years.

A healthy dose of self-examination is good for everyone. In the next decade, many of the traditional hallmarks of the Canadian identity—things like universal health care, an independent military, and border controls between our country and the United States—could be either abolished or radically reworked by the forces of continental integration. As these institutions diminish or disappear, we'll have to rebuild our collective identity around a set of commonly held values that define what it means to be Canadian. While it's hard to predict the composition of those new values, the self-examination that immigrants bring will be essential to figuring out who we are as a nation—and what we hope to accomplish together.

*Ryland Griffiths is a senior director of the Dominion Institute, which marks its 50th anniversary this week.*

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BY KEN MACQUEEN

In the Flower Power era of 1971, a bunch of University of British Columbia students, who either have been playing outside, decided to start a business. They'll sell the kind of sporting equipment that no other retailer in Canada thought was worth stocking: avalanche beacons, ice crampons, climbing ropes. They wouldn't advertise, because they couldn't afford it. They'll charge a one-time "membership" fee of \$5 for those who did most on making a purchase. And should, somehow, this business succeed, the founders decided it must never turn a profit.

held in 31st annual general meeting is the Vancouver Public Library. It will be an earnest effort, as members try to reconcile its robust growth with a conflicting imperative to walk lightly upon the earth. Expect muted-out bicycle racks and the Full Vancouver a veritable MEC catalogue of fence, Gar-Tex and organically grown cotton, anchored by hiking boots of every description.

The news is good. Canada's largest retail co-operative by membership is generating the kind of numbers that could make its admirers founder choke on their red wine. Sales last year, a dismal time for retail, were a record \$154 million, up \$7 million from

gets comes from being Member 21 out of 1.6 million. Around certain companies, a low MEC membership number is a defining characteristic of wilderness chic.

The co-op's initial mandate to sell good gear at fair prices for "self-propelled" recreational activities was simple enough. Galling recalls. But then, in now, other agenda were a play "An unwritten part of this," she says, "was to become enough of a force in the marketplace in Canada to make other suppliers more competitive."

In this they have succeeded beyond their expectations. For all MEC's determination to leave a modest "environmental footprint," it's often accused of stepping on

# THE ANTI-RETAILER

Vancouver's Mountain Equipment Co-op succeeds in spite of itself

It's a ridiculous notion, subverting accepted standards of business prudence and economic common sense. So, how has Mountain Equipment Co-op—Canada's "environmentally responsible" outdoor store—fostered a growth rate that's all peak and no valley?

In part, by creating a business plan that grows more irresponsible by the year. The co-op's Web site, for instance, boasts an equipment swap, so prospective purchasers can trade gear among themselves rather than tax the earth's resources by buying new from the co-op. A new Winter gear store will open in a once derelict building that was rebuilt at considerable expense using salvaged material. The store's environmental standards are so exacting that even the trace of cucumber, deposited in an composting toilet, will be recycled as fertilizer for a rooftop garden. And the co-op still doesn't advertise—that might fuel frivolous consumerism.

"It's almost the anti-retailer," says Gordon Harris of Harris Consulting Inc., a Vancouver-based retail expert. "They don't market. They don't need to behave like retailers, and as a consequence, they end up being a pretty darn good example of what you can do with retail."

This week, MEC, as it's known to the co-op's 1.6 million members, will

the year before. A new store, MEC's sixth, opened in Halifax last year, joining existing outlets in Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Toronto and Ottawa. Winnipeg opens in May and an outlet is planned for Montreal next year.

"We never anticipated that MEC would grow so large," says co-op board member Sara Galling, a retired lawyer from Roseland, B.C., who is still going to kayaking, day hikes and the spontaneous climbing of trees. Back in 1971, she was an impoverished UBC student and part of the Varsity Outdoor Club, a group used of shuffling south to Seattle for decent climbing and wilderness gear. Four club members had hatched the idea of a co-op the previous spring, when a snowstorm stranded them on Mount Baker (in Washington State). Other club members bought in to the plan. Galling couldn't afford the \$5 membership in MEC, but a friend pointed up the cost of a share so she could be pressed into service on its first board.

The founders, most of whom are still active members, could have policed their store in a multi-million-dollar business into serious money, but there was never a doubt that MEC would stay a co-operative. In fact, Galling's share is still worth \$5. The cost of membership hasn't changed in 31 years. What prizes the

the competition. As a co-operative, it pays no corporate income tax on profits, since surpluses are returned to members through lower prices, expanded services and occasional rebates. Its product markup is below the recommended retail price, undercutting competitors and causing some suppliers to refuse to sell to MEC.

Co-op CEO Peter Robinson, Member 28,013, dismisses competitors' concerns. Any company could reap a tax benefit by surrendering ownership, becoming a co-op, and dispersing with profits, he notes. Besides, MEC creates something of a symbiotic relationship. Its outlets attract a cluster of competing stores, he says, fostered by the co-op's ability to draw a crowd.

Robinson, 49, a one-time B.C. park ranger and senior provincial housing official, was recruited by the MEC board two years ago for the top job. He was attracted, he says, by the board-directed commitment to environmental protection, social responsibility, and sound business. "We want to be a viable, robust, financially secure and healthy organization because otherwise we can't do the sort of things we want to do."

Good with the supplier boycott, for instance, MEC expanded its own product line. About 60 per cent of the co-op's sales come from items designed in-house—

CEO Robinson surveys the urban landscape on a visit to the roof garden at the Toronto store



everything from sleeping bags to tents, backpacks to clothing. One of the perks for the co-op's almost 1,000 employees is the chance to test out new equipment.

MEC's current head office, opened two years ago in a recycled former car dealership in Vancouver, now houses a product development team, a test laboratory and a production department. For industrial designer Gordon Ross, an avid outdoorsman, the latest challenges have included creating two top-level Serrano mountain-climbing packs, and a redesign of MEC's sleeping bags. He and his girlfriend just renewed, relationship intact, after testing a new model bag over several nights of -30° C temperatures. He expects some ideas will be poached by competitors—MEC profusely spend on innovation rather than on patenting and protecting existing

ways of doing business in China, where the co-op attracts several factories. Co-op members—at least the kind drawn to annual meetings—it kept worn not just by down and fleece, but by the knowledge that, in some small way, their purchases promote MEC's "core values" of ethical conduct, respect for others and respect for the environment. "Woolly," notes analyst Harris, "turns out to be a fairly important feature." So does the belonging that comes from paying \$5 to be called a member rather than a customer, from receiving, twice yearly, a fat catalogue (of recycled paper, naturally), and from a shared struggle. Apparently even fused-water—"just add boiling water"—goes down better knowing that 0.4 per cent of gross sales are donated to environmental causes.

The result is that the MEC logo—two mountain peaks and the name of the



In Toronto (left) and Ottawa, the stores try to leave a modest 'environmental footprint'

designs. By then, he says, he'll be on to the next generation design. "If poorer countries borrow some good ideas, at least the gear they make will be better."

The co-op firms out production to factories in Canada and around the world, but not before the facilities, both domestically and in such countries as China and Vietnam, win the approval of Naomi Oudiz's production department. Her team checks the usual things—price, quality, reliability—and then it monitors pay, employment standards, safety and environmental practices. Five stars are marked, labour regulations passed and an employee policy manual written before MEC does business.

The co-op pays a premium, Oudiz says, to contract with "the kind of factories we believe carry forward our principles and our values, both in building the product and in the way they treat their business."

Even so, the flagship of last year's annual meeting was a debate on the propri-

ety of doing business in China, where the co-op attracts several factories. Co-op members—at least the kind drawn to annual meetings—it kept worn not just by down and fleece, but by the knowledge that, in some small way, their purchases promote MEC's "core values" of ethical conduct, respect for others and respect for the environment. "Woolly," notes analyst Harris, "turns out to be a fairly important feature." So does the belonging that comes from paying \$5 to be called a member rather than a customer, from receiving, twice yearly, a fat catalogue (of recycled paper, naturally), and from a shared struggle. Apparently even fused-water—"just add boiling water"—goes down better knowing that 0.4 per cent of gross sales are donated to environmental causes.

The result is that the MEC logo—two mountain peaks and the name of the co-op—has become both a viable brand and a declaration of social responsibility. "Something of an alternative to the Canadian flag, even," says Jan MacPherson, director of the B.C. Institute for Co-operative Studies at the University of Victoria. "It's a less contentious and more typically Canadian way of making a statement."

A case can also be made, after three decades in B.C., that the co-op has inspired, for better or worse, the province's sense of style. MacPherson and his wife sometimes hide time as an outdoor café by using The West Coast Uniform of poverty. "It's pretty hard to score a perfect 10 if you don't have an MEC Goretex jacket with an MEC knapsack," he notes. "And a coffee."

It adds stores only where it has members generated by catalogue orders or its year-old e-commerce Web site. With more than 24,000 members in Manitoba and almost 75,000 in Quebec, its newest outlets have a customer base before their doors open.

The stores and remote sales are supplied from a sprawling 94,000-square-foot warehouse in Richmond, B.C. Most gear arrives already tagged and priced by the manufacturer. A computerized inventory and warehouse system tracks purchases and renders replacement stock from suppliers. Internet and catalogue orders are turned around within hours, to the point that logistics manager Alan Fitterer can tell the weather across the country by the kind of snow, rain or camping gear flowing out the door. Shipping by Canada Post is free to customers, though they pay a premium if they want their order cranked by air. "For Eastern retail stores, we're rail," says Fitterer, who is fluent in MEC-speak, "and that leaves a lower impact on the environmental footprint."

The co-op very much is a consumer test of virtue: Can you paper the country with 1.5 million catalogues a year, sell over more gear made in the Third World, have thousands more people lag in into the wilderness—and remain a quality, conscientious co-operative?

You can try. The nine-member board of directors, in perhaps its most overt political act, recently drafted a letter urging the federal government to crawl off the fence and rally the Kyoto accord, the international agreement to reduce greenhouse gases and combat global warming. Protecting the environment is also sound business. You can sell winter gear if there's no snow, notes Robinson. "Climate change affects the ability long-term, of the co-op to survive."

At this week's annual meeting, the board will present a new, more evocative, vision statement for MEC. Galling, says it "goes further than the previous vision in directing MEC to take a lead in environmental and social justice issues." Expect the co-op, with the dozen of 1.6 million members, to become a more outspoken advocate, he says. "We'd like to prove that we can be more environmentally and socially responsible and still be a viable business."

The goal—to "work more mindfully towards making positive changes in the world"—is already listed on page 70 of the catalogue, part of the new product line for Spring and Summer.



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Donald Coxo

## Rain and the markets

Arriving in Vancouver on a Tuesday rain, I asked the cabbie how long it would last. He gazed. "They say it could last to the weekend, but who knows? Hey, you should be here last week."

Between appointments on the road, I try to go for walks, so local weather is a source of significance. In the morning days, I learned there would always be rain, but not everywhere. Because of the mountains, rainfall differs widely, even when the papers call for non-continuous precipitation. Unlike rain-soaked Chicago, Vancouver has microclimates. With expert local help, and some judicious maneuvering, I got some sun-shiny walking in some beautiful areas south of city center.

That made me think about the ways the stock market resembles Lower Mainland weather. Stock market indices have been in foul-weather for months, yet many actions have been almost as well-behaved as the economy, which has been mostly of the Blue Skies variety. The Standard & Poor's 500 is down two percent year-to-date. Nasdaq fell for five straight weeks, and is down seven per cent. But small and mid-cap indices are up modestly, and financial and resource stocks have performed well.

For most of the 1990s, investors who chase "growth" index funds choked at their unglamorous funds who invested with "active" managers who kept looking for stocks that would outperform those average indices. The weather forecast continued to be so flat, and the sun shone so widely on an equity universe as evenly dispersed as the pasture, that one did not need to search for outliers or equity microclimates.

The long period of great returns from just investing in "the market" naturally drew resistance. "I told you so" speeches from academics and economists who said history proved the folly of paying fees to investment managers. You lost two ways: you paid higher fees, and you got weaker returns. The stock market was a "random walk." It was efficient, in that all that could be known about it was already priced in. Nobody could beat the market for long, so why pay for the responsibility?

Yes, I was—and am—bored, because I make my living by managing equity portfolios and advising institutional investors how to deploy their funds to beat the market. Washington's practitioners earn big fees from telling retail investors that my competitors and I were glowing the sea was, naturally, gilding.

The past two years have seen different global weather patterns for the capital markets—many big storms, and prolonged periods of precipitation, interrupted by brief respite

of sunny weather. Index fund investors have been hurt badly. The S&P 500 had a 35 per cent drop in technology stocks as its peak, so it suffered prolonged gains when tech got closer bowled. It had a very percentage in oil and resource stocks, so it lost most shares in those groups' returns in the sun-shine. What many of us kept missing—often the information about the savings and outlook for tech stocks and other risks targeted from the darkness to the absurd to the fraudulent—was routinely indicated by the academics. They said the market was behaving rationally in response to uniformly de-stabilized information.

Russia's collapse came long after we had learned that no tech companies' earnings forecasts were anywhere near reality, and that most were using "aggressive" accounting techniques to mask their anemic profit performance. Now we know that the disease had spread with the speed of balloon plague, infecting even the market's neighbors, such as IBM and maybe General Electric. We have watched as insiders at companies such as JDS Uniphase, Nortel Networks, Global Crossing and Xerox closed huge stock option gains when the market beat up their shares in response to those enthusiastic earnings estimates (and the nervous crashes from Wall Street's daily, macroeconomic, strategic and economic).

Canadian index fund investors who thought they were reducing portfolio risk and saving fees found they lost as much as 35 per cent of their money in Nortel when it collapsed. The Canada Pension Plan investment fund, which had been using index techniques, drew criticism from some activists when it allegedly moved to cash its exposure to Nortel before the worst damage occurred.

We often dreamed to live in a macroclimate market for some time. The War on Terror that had been going so well, its founding because of the suicide bombings in Israel, the Israeli response, and the fear of a wider war. Now even Alan Greenspan can make investors feel as confident as they did when the U.S. seemed so able to make the world safe with out breaking a sweat.

With deconstructing trust in tech companies at home and de-stabilizing trust in the peace process abroad, storms and downpours may continue to diminish the indices. Good managers, using good weather data, should still be able to find us, otherwise shelter for savings.

Donald Coxo is chairman of Horrocks Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Jones Howard Investments.



## Last Waltz shall be released—again

Twenty-five years ago, a punk rock reliably dropped from his neck, The Band's Robbie Robertson lost one of pop music's most memorable concerts. It was "Things that go lost in the mind and the middle of that time." Robertson performed the night of the concert looking "the pressure of getting it right. Everything was take one." He later learned that he wasn't the only one feeling anxious. "Backstage Bob Dylan was really tightly wound and nervous. About what I don't know. Bob knows he played with us a million times." Yeah, takes a load off, Bobby.

## Triumph of love, not Oscar

It didn't win the year's Academy award, but it did win the best supporting actor accolade at this year's Academy Awards. Don Kingsley (Don O'Neil) played the most won Oscar-friendly character—the violent and disturbed Don Lopez. It was a performance impossible to ignore from a first British actor the Academy has long respected—he won his 1982 portrayal of Mahatma Gandhi and was nominated for Rugby (1991), although

he didn't win the year's Academy award. He was named best actor in his competition, before Bill. Don Kingsley (Don O'Neil) took the prize. "It was one of the first by a guy like me, who has a hug and a bear hug. He looked so strong," says Kingsley, 56, insisting the highest-earning actor British made on stage. "The go into mind about when 'It's your turn'." Kingsley's country stars in "Triumph of Love," an 18th-century romantic comedy set in Italy, directed by Garry Poyne. He plays



## Strange and neurotic

In a perfect world, Frances Hyfield would remain exactly who she is now—a 33-year-old, London, England-based buyer turned mystery writer. There would be just one difference, she says: she wouldn't actually write. "I'd be a slightly strange neurotic person, who does nothing but research books with no intent to ever write them." Though her 15 years in a prosecutor in criminal cases gives Hyfield plenty of fodder for her novel, the research—interviewing cops, exploring an old ball tower, chatting up her dermatologist, observing an art museum—shows the author to drive into different worlds. "What people tell you," she says, "informs the plot and drives it in a different direction." For her latest novel, *The Winner of the Heart*, Hyfield developed one of her characters using the hobby of a close friend—building miniature of bottles, glassware and indoor scenes.

Hyfield's novels are fascinating. Once accused of writing only about "damaged people," the says that what makes her work more powerful. The characters are not normal humans with happy lives and strong roots; but must take a handicap to become heroic. "Dark stuff," Hyfield explains. "It follows the rule of telling a good story anyway—none of this emotional anger." It's a good thing Hyfield doesn't live in a perfect world.



philosopher-humans, a traditional who's concerned love for himself, his order and his world. Then a person in drag—played by Miss Service—enters them all. The film was initially scheduled at the 2001 Toronto International Film Festival a day after Sept. 11. "People allowed themselves to laugh and enjoy it," says Kingsley. "Had I been anything less intelligent, less idiotic, less scared to humanize people would think, 'I can't wait to watch this stuff.' But it showed them and warmed them."



BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

**H**e was a blur. That's how I remember [Michael]. Fox the first time we talked. It was 1987. I'd come to Los Angeles to interview him for a *Madonna* cover story, and we met at a *Family Ties* rehearsal at Paramount. He bounced around the set like a hyperactive kid, cracking Diet Pepsi, and kept dactylating out to smoke. Except '86, lighting one off the other. During a break, we hopped into his black Ferrari for a quick trip to his house halfway across town, and he tore down the Hollywood Freeway at twice the speed

sentimental journey through one man's *perme* midway. And while the book exorcises celebrity culture from the inside with a stark wit, Fox's story has all the classic elements of that *celebrity* runaway success, celebrity, addiction, recovery—and redemption.

As a star living in a bubble of unlimited indulgence, Fox had begun to find a growing, irrefragably Canadian persona that his success was undesired, and unnatural. He kept waiting for the other shoe to drop, for someone, at something, to say to him, "Then," he told me, "there was this implausible no of Parkinson's, and you

here looking for a nanny tank. Instead they find us." Fox leads me past his two assistants, who work at desks under an antique sign for Vermont maple syrup. Through a door is his private sanctuary where there's a desk, a sitting area and a home-environment unit with a TV the size of a fridge. "My wife kicked it out of the house," he sighs. "She entered it."

Fox takes a seat on the couch. He takes some getting used to. Although he's on medication that reduces his symptoms, his legs flip around constantly, occasionally banging into the glass coffee table. But the movements ebb and flow, and even sub-

## MICHAEL THEN AND NOW

### The former boy wonder from B.C. finds peace in his fight against Parkinson's

front, his seat belt unbuckled, the dashboard dusty with cigarette ash, the floor of the car littered with beer cans.

Yet somehow he didn't come across as a joke. Fox was the first movie star I'd ever interviewed, and more lifelike than dozens who followed. He was the ultimate nice guy, Canadian to a fault. The next day he suggested lunch at Museo di Fieschi, a vintage Hollywood diner with ancient waiters who treated everyone with gruff indifference. Which is why Fox loved the place. For a star, nothing is more exotic than anonymity in the heart of Hollywood. I still have an image of him sitting at a banquet, talking a mile a minute, his eyes darting about the room, his body constantly mobile, a moving target in the crosshairs of the media. He couldn't sit still.

Last week I was 38 years, 15 years later, at his home in New York City. And now, more than ever, Michael J. Fox can't keep still. But while he was once just motion, these days his movements are beyond his control. As the world now knows, the actor suffers from early-onset Parkinson's disease. He was first diagnosed in 1991, but kept his condition in the closet for seven years. Now, at the relatively tender age of 40, he's the public face of Parkinson's, devoting himself to raising awareness, and money, to help find a cure.

In the process, he's reclaimed the spotlight as the author of *Each Day*, an autobiography that reveals as much about the corrosive nature of fame, and alcohol, as it does about the humbling effects of Parkinson's. It's an intimate, av-



Fox on the set of the '70s CBS sitcom *Can and Me*

side for a while as we settle into the interview. "Am I ever comfortable?" he asks. "You might think so. We're used to the idea that our body language reflects our state of mind. And it doesn't with me. I'm very used to that. It's forced me to do things differently. But I'm very comfortable because it's my reality."

As I become less charmed by his personal modesty, I begin to notice a calmness at the center—a strong, steady gaze from those date-blue eyes, which were so restless the last time we talked. His guest face still glimmers with boyish charm, but it's offset by the gravity of age and circumstance. It's not just Parkinson's. Now Michael's sober, in the 15th year of a solid marriage to actress Tracy Pollan, and the father of four children, aged six months to 12 years, then he was wild and single, strident on the adrenaline of success, and running scared. Remembering that time, he says, "I was going 100 miles an hour because I was like a game of assembly-line. I just wanted to keep fingers moving and maintain my chances of not getting surprised. The first moment as things went on. I was having fun, but I had this sense that somebody was going to knock on the door and take it away. You just think, 'How on earth can I be getting away with this?' If I was Jesus, how would I be getting away with this? But I'm just a guy with an Irish face and Yiddish string."

But the secret who played time-travelling Macy's. *Back to the Future* means that if he could go back in time and undo his disease, he wouldn't want to. Confronting Parkinson's has turned his life around. And although he's lost a measure of motor control, and a career in front of the camera, he says he's found unprecedented inner calm.

"It's moving a lot less usual than I was. One of the great things is that I couldn't be still and it became virtually impossible to keep my body from moving."

It's a summer-hot spring day on Manhattan's Upper East Side. In Central Park a stray peacock wanders outside the fence, and the playground bubbles with well-dressed children. Reminded by the coars of Asian and Hispanic nannies, Fox's Fifth Avenue apartment building, overlooking the park, is what you might call a good address. It's home to Paul Newman, Kevin Kline and Bette Midler, and like Fox they all have offices downstairs from their residence. "It's funny," he says. "They used to belong to a plastic surgeon, and people still wonder in



Burnish in 1971. At 16, he got his first break playing a 10-year-old boy opposite Burt Reynolds in the short-lived CBS sitcom *Lee and Me*. Recently it's come to light that those employees he worked with at the CBC are also afflicted by Parkinson's, a chatter which raises the possibility that all were exposed to a common toxin or virus that might have triggered the disease (page 42). "I'm fed for those people I worked with," says Fox, who contacted them during the shooting of a recent CTV documentary on Parkinson's. "The chances about the connection. And it is ironic that the hopefulness of any career could possibly be the beginning of my illness."

After *Law & Me*, Fox plunged headlong into acting. By 18, he had dropped out of school and, with the logistical support of his parents, moved to Los Angeles. Three years later, he was in debt, demoralized and ready to come back to Canada when he landed the role of Alex P. Kozoff on

hangover, he quit for good. "Helping me to make that choice," he writes, "was the first thing I'd actually be grateful to Parkinson for. Part of the disease's gift is a certain stark clarity about the rest of your life."

Fox admits that at first he was inclined to view his disease in the "comic price" of success. "It was payback," he writes. "It was the ball being brought to a slumpy table after an ill-deserved and under-appreciated banquet." And he imagines that his solitary father, Bill Fox (who died in 1990), would have seen it the same way. Asked if there's anything something deeply Canadian about that notion of success, Michael replies, "Absolutely. It's what sets me packing. [From Canada], but at the same time it's why my heart will always be there. What it all comes down to—much more than the fact that we live in these wide open spaces and have this British sense of class—is that Canadians are hyper-aware of their impact on the people around

in possible." Fox watched them bench one after the other: *For Love or Money*, *Life With Mikey* and *Greedy*. But in 1996, he found refuge in the medium that launched him—as a sharp politician on *Spot Guy*, which he would also executive-produce.

But keeping his condition a secret became increasingly difficult. "Can you imagine?" he says. "You're running this company basically, and people don't know the biggest single truth in your life. You have to walk everything around it." Just like President Border having to hide his multiple sclerosis in *The West Wing*, I suggest. Fox was aware of the parallel, but he doesn't watch the show, and tends to avoid the prime-time magazine that was once his stock-in-trade. "ES/N, CNN and CBC Newsweek—that's what I watch."

After finally going public about his condition in 1998, he completed two more seasons of *Spot Guy* then retired with *Ennvy* in 2000. Fox soon found a new



Fox—shown atop his father—grew up an army brat, and now has four kids of his own, including eleven-month-old Sam, named after a character in a U.S. Soldier story



## His book reveals as much about the corrosive nature of fame as it does about his illness

*Fineasy* The Afflict became a hit, he was boarded to certified stardom with *Back in the Future*, 1985's top-grossing movie.

Fox didn't try to play down how much fun it was being young, rich, famous and single. "There was a period of time when I would literally go with everybody." In his memoir he writes that girls who "baser used to give me the time of day... were now inviting me home to read it off of their bedside alarm clocks. As for the question, 'Does it bother you that maybe the part wasn't sleep with you because you're a celebrity?' My answer to that one was, 'No... nope.'" But Michael met his match in Tracy, and in 1988 they were married, three years after he was cast as his girlfriend on *Fineasy* The. "I was as happy to get off that roller coaster," he says, adding that Pallas was the first woman who dared stand up to him: "Tracy an overboarder."

In 1990, Fox woke up one morning with a strange, uncomfortable tremor in his baby finger, the first in a series of escalating symptoms that led to his Parkinson's diagnosis about a year later. He had just turned 38, and plunged into a spiral of depression and denial. His drinking, meanwhile, spun out of control until one day in 1992, waking up with an especially brutal

dawn. And you don't want to be busted on it. You don't want to be a tall poppy."

Eventually, through years of therapy with a Jungian psychoanalyst, Fox says "I disabused myself of that superstitious notion" of Parkinson's being some form of retribution. But he remains fascinated by the symmetry of his success and misfortune, a dialectic that became the creative axis for the book. Becoming hugely successful, he explains, is "unfathomable. It's an action to you, not an action by you. So in the same way, Parkinson's was unfathomable. One brings you all this stuff and the other seems to take away stuff. But by virtue of the fact that one is based on fact and one on fantasy, the one based on fact has far more value."

In *Lucky Men*, Fox conducts quite a ruthless autopsy of his movie career. He often made idle threats of quitting show business, but when a doctor told him he had 10 years left to work as an actor, he panicked. "I wasn't just losing my brain," he writes, "I was losing my franchise.... Finger amputations, that was a wrap, and in my panic I decided to break out the pillowcases, lose the pillow, and escape with whatever I could carry." Attempting to do "no more lucrative, broad-appeal comedies

outlet for his creative energies." "I've always loved words and I've always loved books," he says. "I love to play with words. And the fact that I've lost a certain amount of physical agility is compensated by the fact that I sat down for 16 months and wrote a book—or *paradise* and wrote a book."

Fox didn't use a ghostwriter. He would outline episodes on paper, dictate them to a typist, Heidi Pollock, then rewrite his way through successive passages. When his family vacationed on Martha's Vineyard, Heidi joined them. "We rented her a little house," he says. "She'd ride over on her bike and work in the garage. I'd watch everybody go to the beach every morning, then watch it all day."

As he developed a passion for writing, Fox says he found it results in a way, to acting. "It was amazing to find out that writing is as important on a page as it is on a stage, in the sense of when to get in and when to get out, and does it move the story forward." The actor's brother-in-law, Michael Pollan—author of *The Botany of Desire* and a contributing editor at the *New York Times Magazine*—served as a mentor. As one point Fox told him, "One thing I worry about is I've got a weakness for metaphors." And Pollan replied, "You don't

in metaphors. That's why you're an actor."

In fact, *Lucky Men* is fairly written, with a verbal agility that seems like an incarnation of the actor's nimble screen persona. He does have a knack for metaphors. He describes his first Parkinson's symptom as his brain "serving notice" that it had "initiated a divorce from my mind." He writes of his "leakage" when from hanging onto the goddamned brain ring, and he deconstructs the "Biting Fennel—America Fox House" as a "theatre of celebrity" fed by a media construct of "magical thinking... these seems to be no beginning or end to the performance, no backstage or onstage, no proscenium. Everything is now part of the show—the performer's private life included."

Of course, as he does the rounds of David Letterman and Larry King, Fox is once again trafficking in celebrity. But he writes that he's found a wonderful way to spend "this most rare and useful currency." All the proceeds from the book, and the serial rights, go to the Michael J. Fox Foundation for Parkinson's Research. Science, says Fox, is closer to finding a cure for Parkinson's than for diseases that attract much heavier funding. And with his foundation, a scattering of patients' advocacy groups now have a common voice.

Aside from raising money and galvanizing the cause, Fox has entered the Spot City of political controversy around stem-cell research. Last week he visited Washington to meet with U.S. Secretary of Health Tommy Thompson as rival senators push bills for and against using stem cells from discarded embryos. President Bush's decision to allow limited use of stem cells, he says, "just seems so carefully calculated. It was a bait: when we finally could have hit it out of the park. He could have set a course to get this done with a two-term presidency. Not just for Parkinson's but a lot of things from multiple sclerosis to diabetes. This is a Pandora's box of possible breakthroughs."

The so-called pro-life argument against using embryo stem cells is inflammatory rhetoric. Fox argues: "Embryonic stem cells have the potential to be anything—except a person, because they've been shown away. You could put them in a brain and the cell dies. The dopamine-producing cell, that's what I do."

Dopamine is the neurochemical that the damaged brain cells of Parkinson's patients



can no longer produce. Fox submits to a regimen of L-dopa medication to compensate for the missing chemistry. Because the disease hit him at a young age, his degeneration has been more gradual than in the vast majority of patients, who contract it in their later years. And he needs relatively small doses of the medication. If anything, he says, he responds so well to the drug, which can cause dyskinesia—unraveling the rigidity and spasmodic tremors of Parkinson to the point that the body starts to writhe with excess fluidity. “Sometimes,” says Fox, “people with Parkinson will come up to me and say, ‘You’re taking too much medication.’ And I say, ‘Loses, I’ve got to keep up with Larry King. I’ve got to take too much.’ I don’t have the luxury of having any kind of boring thing. I’ve used to it, my family used to it, but in a high-stress situation I can’t afford it.”

Fox writes about the “shill ride” of going on and off the medication in riveting detail. When he’s off, he experiences the classic Parkinson’s symptoms of rigidity, shuffling, tremors and imbalance. “You wouldn’t recognize me when I’m off,” he says. And here’s how he describes it in the book: “I feel like I’m dangling from a coat hanger that has been suspiciously implanted under my skin in the muscles of my back,



He remains remarkably active, skiing, playing hockey—and planning to walk more

wedged between my shoulder blades. The sensation is not quite one of being suspended in the air; it’s more like being jacked up, with my torso scraping and kicking at the ground, awaiting for purchase.”

Unmistakable small-motor control can make any kind of verbal expression, written or oral, almost impossible. But when he’s on the drug, Michael is keenly articu-

late—in transcribing the tape of our interview, I could detect no evidence of his condition. Over time, however, his medication will become less effective, and the symptoms will escalate. Like Mary McFly, racing against the clock in *Back to the Future*, he’s fighting to spare his destiny. And he’s optimistic: “A cure is quite conceivable over the next 10 years, or more

likely some kind of real breakthrough in therapy, so by 30 I could take up skiing again in the prime of my life.”

Meanwhile, Fox remains remarkably active. He still skis, hikes and plays hockey. He runs up a production company and does voice-over acting. He’s planning to write a novel about a hockey player, and a TV pilot, also about a hockey player—“we’ve seen so many things played out in baseball, but hockey to me, because I’m Canadian, that’s my metaphor.”

Because he’s rich, famous and relatively young, Fox is by no means a typical Parkinson’s patient. And he realizes that some may resent his buoyant attitude. “For all those people who have Parkinson’s,” he says, “it is tough, and it’s frightening. Just because I’m still happy and chatty about it—what’s me, and a reflection of how blessed I’ve been. I’m not saying no one has a right to complain or be sad or sad or cry.” But I have much more in my life now, whatever the limitations of Parkinson’s, than the seemingly endless possibilities that were in front of me when I met you at Maso & Frank’s.”

At Michael picks at a plate of spaghetti; panache, we talk about our kids, and the tricky business of writing. Recently he went home to visit his family in B.C. He had only one copy of his book, but his mother, brother and one of his three sons quickly devoured it, and to his relief they appeared. After a six trip to Whistler with his children, they took a helicopter to Chilliwack for a family gathering and visited the now-defunct arena where his father was once stationed.

“We walked around and looked into the windows of the old houses,” he recalls. “I remember seeing my father perform these drag shows at those beer gardens they’d have. I’d pick up the bottles for two cents each. He’d dress up like a woman and lip-synch Alan Sherman records. He was a comedian, which was so antithetical to him being a military guy. This conflict was one of the reasons he ultimately let me go. He had enough of a dreamer within him.”

Now Michael is the father of his own large family, watching 12-year-old Sam rock out on his guitar. “We turned him on to all this ‘70s anthemic rock.” Then there are Augustin and Schuyler, his seven-year-old twin daughters, and ten-month-old Enad, who was named after a J.D. Salinger story, *For Eustace with Love and Squid*. “She was born after 9/11,” Michael explains, “and around here it seemed there was nothing but love and squallor. The morning she was born, there was still a pull over the city. But the next day was the invasion, and we were standing at the hospital window holding the baby, looking out at the mansion, and it was one of those great moments. Like, the city’s going to be OK. We’re going to be OK. Life goes on.”

Read on, people! Get the interview with Michael & Fox. [www.fox.com](http://www.fox.com)

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## ‘THAT DISEASE IS AN INDIGNITY’

BY PETER KOPIVLEN

My father died five years ago in July of complications arising from Parkinson’s disease. One complication was that he could no longer move. Another was this, in part because of his immobility, a great infection set in while he lay hospitalized. That loss no longer functioned couldn’t clear his lungs. That’s what killed him.

It was not an easy death. I remember the reaction of my late Parkinsonian when I mentioned that my father had Parkinson’s. It was the first time I had ever seen a doctor angry. “That disease is an indignity,” he blurted. How much of an indignity? My father was hospitalized, one night, somehow managing to stand up and walk himself, then sleeping and breaking his

hip. He died some six weeks later, age 70. He was diagnosed in the mid-1980s, after experiencing some weakness in his arms. Over the following years he went through a series of reactions: shock, disbelief (I’m going to fight this thing), anger and self-pity (how could this happen to me?), resignation. We, his family, went through a series of reactions, shock, disbelief (why going to fight this thing), anger and self-pity (how could this happen to us), resignation.

We never really gave up—on trying to get through during his worst moments, on trying to battle back. The last time I saw him somewhat cognizant, he could no longer speak. But his eyes were open with that characteristic zombie-like look many Parkinson’s patients get—seemingly staring right through you because eye muscles

no longer work. I told him to close his eyes and sleep, then watched him struggle with the command. “With an effort of great will he finally closed... his mouth.”

For the last weeks of his life, he was in a coma, lying in his bed at Joseph Brent Memorial Hospital in Burlington, Ont. We would stand around his bed during that last July, weighed down by numbness, watching as this man who had been musician, chessmaster, chemist and a member of the world’s small fraternity of aphid experts, slipped away. Black hairnets helped, his dementia (some 27 per cent of Parkinson’s patients suffer from it) provided grace for the end. My mother was the caregiver, and for her my father’s hospitalization was almost a relief—recall how one day she had cranked him with the front door pulled open so far so

the locked safety chain would allow, whooping to the outdoors. “Help, I’m being held prisoner by a witch!” On another day as my sister and I kept vigil, his leg suddenly twitched. “Chasing rabbits,” I said. We both laughed, from the gut, for what seemed to be the first time in days. Excuse me? No, just crying.

When he died I didn’t experience an explosion of grief. That may have been due in part to my being used in a small ethnic community, more crowded family than anything else, and having already buried men and women whom I cared for almost as deeply as my own parents. But another reason may have been the nature of Parkinson’s. It takes your father, mother, husband, with away from you in degrees, a little more of them lost to you every day. By the time the actual moment of death arrives,



you’ve already been mourning for years. I think of all that more those days, losing Michael J. Fox as my TV screen, I wish him well, both personally and in his efforts

to raise consciousness and funds for the fight against the disease. A few nights ago, chills-curling, I stumbled across *Back to the Future*, with its story the personal journey we’ve played for so many years. Thank my grand-uncle pictures of him. It’s much the same with my father. Thinking of him I inevitably remember a photo I have somewhere, one I know so well I don’t even have to pull it out. The two of us—me as a five-year-old sitting on his shoulders, pretending to pull him but we both angling for the camera. He is holding a young man with a young, friendly, glowing with vitality, on a summer day when the sunshine seems endless and there is never any thought that your body might betray you.

Michael’s Deputy Editor Peter Kopivlen joined the magazine in 1984.





Williams has forgotten if he remembers any Canadian schools.

## THE MYSTERIOUS VANCOUVER CONNECTION

Why do three people who worked with Michael J. Fox also have Parkinson's?

BY DANYLO HAWALESHKA

A doctor's diagnosis can land like a punch in the solar plexus: you have Parkinson's disease. Chronic, progressive and incurable. In the life-shattering repercussions that follow come the questions: Why? And in Don Williams' case, why did those people he worked with also go on? There are no answers, only theories. Williams, his one-time colleague Sally Gunton, and an anonymous cameraman were part of the same production unit at CBC Television in Vancouver in the late 1970s. All worked with Michael J. Fox before he became a star, all four are now losing control of their bodies to a cruel, debilitating disease. Why? Williams, 64, diagnosed Fox in an episode of a short-lived sitcom called *Nellie*. David Byrne and Ben, which aired in 1979. It was Fox's second gig after his debut in the CBC comedy *Les and Me*. Today, Williams is able to joke about his debilitating affliction: "I

often say it's because when Michael J. and I worked together, we had to work with terrible scripts—it destroyed our brain cells." It's funny and yet it's not. Parkinson's announced its unrelenting arrival with a tremor in Williams' right hand and four-and-a-half years ago. The former executive producer of the CBC TV hit series *The Beachcombers*, who also played a character called the Elder on *The X-Files* for four seasons, says finding new roles directing increasingly difficult. As an actor, he says, "I've been mislaid in playing old men with senile ailments." No one has overlooked the odds of four CBC employees getting Parkinson's. The cluster, however, raises the possibility that the cause is environmental—perhaps a virus or toxin. "I've been asked if I remember any unusual illnesses, flu or even a lot of colds or anything," says Williams. "I can remember anything significant at all." The cluster has his wondering, too. "It could be a sick building; it could be that we were all in a

park on a certain day; it could be coincidence," he says. "I don't know."

British physician James Parkinson first described the disease in 1817, calling it "the shaking palsy." It was only in the 1960s that researchers linked Parkinson's to dying nerve cells in the substantia nigra, a dark mass of cells in the mid-brain that produces dopamine, a chemical that allows nerves to communicate with each other for muscle control. There are several forms, collectively known as Parkinsonisms. The disease usually strikes people in their 50s and 60s, though up to 10 per cent of patients are diagnosed before turning 50. Nearly 100,000 Canadians have it.

For the most part, Parkinson's does not appear to be inherited, although a mutation in one of two genes can lead to the disease in rare cases. The condition causes tremors or shaking, muscle stiffness, an inability to move quickly and loss of coordination. Toward the end, as victims can't walk, their voices weaken, and swallowing becomes

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## Cover

difficult. They live almost as long as they would have without the disease, but eventually they can do little more than stare blankly ahead.

Depression, sleep disturbances, constipation—the list of secondary effects is long. About one-quarter of patients are struck by dementia. As for its cause, Parkinson's, like some other conditions, could have several, says Dr. Donald Calne, a former director of Vancouver's Pacific Parkinson's Research Centre. Parkinson's, for instance, can result from viruses or bacteria, genetics, viruses or exposure to some chemicals may produce cancer. "Our understanding of Parkinson's," says Calne, "is where we were with pneumonia 200 years ago."

Medical progress has been slow. The best treatment—slowing the drug L-dopa to help the brain synthesize dopamine—is more than 30 years old. While L-dopa lessens symptoms, it can also cause issues and hallucinations, says Dr. Ali Rajput, chairman of the scientific advisory committee for Parkinson Society Canada. Prolonged use can reduce its effectiveness and induce vomiting. "The preferred quality of life improves and they live longer," says Rajput, "but it's not a cure."

More invasive alternatives have been tried, with varying success. Implanting fetal brain cells in the patient's brain has shown encouraging results, but the controversial treatment remains experimental. Implanted neural cells, which for reasons unknown produce dopamine, also show promise. Scientists hope one day to implant embryonic stem cells with the ability to grow into brain cells. Some patients opt for a pallidotomy—a surgeon destroys cells in part of the brain called the globus pallidus, interrupting a neural pathway to decrease symptoms, including shaking, tremors and rigidity. Researchers have also inserted electrical circuits deep into the brain to quell tremors. Others continue to test with drugs that protect dopamine-producing cells, but none have made it to market.

Attempts at solving the Parkinson's mystery have yielded tantalizing clues. After the First World War, cultures of people worldwide contracted encephalitis lethargica, or a type of sleeping sickness, before the disease strangely disappeared in the 1930s. A third of them died. Then, several years after the acute phase of the

viral disease passed, many of the survivors succumbed to a condition with symptoms similar to those of Parkinson's, known as post-encephalitic Parkinsonism. A group of these patients in New York, some in a custodial state, were the subject of the book *Awakening* by Dr. Oliver Sacks, later made into a movie. In 1969, Sacks gave those patients L-dopa, a new drug at the time. Their subsequent physical "awakening" was remarkable but short-lived. Still, it underscored L-dopa's therapeutic effectiveness and, given the sleeping sickness connection, linked Parkinson's to viral infection.

People in close contact with others—health-care professionals, nurses, teachers, factory workers who bustle together—appear to be twice as likely as the general population to get Parkinson's. These findings, often together with the occasional appearance of clusters like the Vancouver one, suggest viruses or toxins are to blame, says Calne. He doesn't see Parkinson's as a disease that slowly destroys brain cells. Rather, he suspects that a brief event—a viral infection, perhaps, or exposure to a powerful toxin—has damaged dopamine-producing cells. These "wounded" cells then die slowly over time. "Whenever the cause was," says Calne, "it's done the damage and gone."

There is powerful evidence of toxins playing an important role. In the early 1980s in California, a bad batch of synthetic heroin turned up on the streets of Silicon Valley. The junk was tainted with MPTP or methyl-phenyl-tetrahydropyridine, a toxic chemical. Once injected, it damaged the substantia nigra, reducing the drug user to a custodial state. Today, researchers are investigating the possibility of a link between Parkinson's and two common agents that are chemically similar to MPTP—the herbicide paraquat and the pesticide rotenone. Parkinson Society Canada notes that, for reasons unknown, the disease is more common in rural areas of industrialized countries, and in industrialized areas of rural countries.

Many aspects of Parkinson's remain unexplained, Rajput continues to shed new light, says Rajput, and "we are in a whole lot better shape today than we were 40 years ago." Unfortunately, indications that unknown agents in our environment may be destroying people's brains are far from reassuring.

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Zuckerman runs TV. His desk takes everything from talk to Dr. House

## Switched-on Moses

The guru of television reflects on its past and future

No one loves television more than Moses Zuckerman—and few can claim to have done more to influence its direction. Zuckerman, who never gives his age, foresees the rise of specialty TV and created techniques now copied worldwide to break down traditional walls between performers and their audience. The CBC's empire has grown to 17 specialty channels—including *News* and *Machinists*—and eight local outlets between Toronto and Victoria, and City Screen studios across from Argentina in Finland. Zuckerman recently opened the MZTV Museum in Toronto, which traces the history and impact of television around the world over a century. From June 19-21, he'll also host of Toronto's MidCity Conference, a gathering of prominent Canadians. Big thinkers such as Macdonald will arrive at a media symposium. Zuckerman talked recently to Macdonald Editor Anthony Wilson-Smith. Excerpt:

**Macdonald:** You've just opened a museum dedicated to television. What motivated you, and what is TV's place in society right now?

**Zuckerman:** My motive was to counteract a constant barrage of 40 or 50 years of criticism levelled at my chosen vocation everywhere you turned, particularly in print, and among the academics, politicians, and clergy. It was like to me, that was a fundamental moment. My second moment was, I fell in love with the object. I responded to their earthly beauty, their simple elegance.

**Macdonald:** *Debris* have a lot of fun at home?

**Zuckerman:** Eleven at home, 16 in my office. **Macdonald:** Do you remember the moment when you said, "TV that's for me, when I want to spend my life?"

**Zuckerman:** The moment was when I bought the family's first television set, with the money I'd received for my bar mitzvah. This was the middle 1950s. We were in a

third-floor walk-up, and the workmen kind of machined this thing, finally uncrating it, sticking it in the corner of the living room. My bed was in the other half of this living room. And there I was, later that night, half up on my elbow, watching TV, my parents turning occasionally to show me it, and I find this "ah!" moment: it was not only my house, and delivered to me, it was on top. I could run it on, and it was in my bedroom. I understood in an intuitive way that not very much gets into people's bedrooms—it's the ultimate in intimacy—and that was significant in some really profound way.

That, however, ran parallel with, and in a curious way, contradicted my education, which was classical and almost formal, and book-oriented. I did Bible studies, which very few people did, in the original language. Talmudic studies. So I had these parallel streams.

**Macdonald:** You have over the years talked a lot about the potential for television to educate when, in fact, many educators aggressively resist it at the moment.

**Zuckerman:** Interestingly, I always felt that education and the high arts totally missed the

bear on television, and made an unnecessary error of a great instrument. If you don't get the next generation involved, where is the future for open? What is the future for ballet? What is the future for reading? If you want to interest young people, you've got to have to speak their language. And instead of taking the media for its potential, some educators created a distance from TV and ignored it, and it's all so pathetically self-defeating. Well, the battle is over: TV has won. It is arguably the fundamental technology of the last 100 years. It's not only the best we see that gives us pleasure, it's a foundation technology underlies it, it's a foundation technology medical advances.

**Macdonald:** You possessed narrative TV, the breaking down of the traditional walls. Where do you see interactivity going—the converging of computer and TV? Is it inevitable, or are they separate arenas?

**Zuckerman:** It's got layers of answer in it. First, the technology now exists to really enhance interactivity. You watch City and Much now, we're the first out of the box. You see the little "T" up on the TV screen? If you're

enabled, you can punch that and you're going to get some value-added off the box. What that might be in real terms is obviously in the process of an investigation. And all that's well and good, and worth there.

That's answer one. Answer two is, I am not persuaded that this will develop in an all-purpose machine. In fact, I am unpersuaded, in the sense that you could build something that could drive on the screen, deploy a wing and fly, and float on the water. That'll be a pretty awkward concept, not to mention kind of crazy-expensive, and hard to maintain. And that's my feeling about where it's going. Ultimately, the beauty of television is in utter simplicity. You know, there are vast men in the world where they don't have cellphones, and they do have TV, and there are vast men in the world where they don't have a pot to piss in, and they don't have a toilet, and they do have TV. Who knows if there'll be another thing like that?

**Macdonald:** Television has been a shared experience: people watch shows at home at night, and discuss them at the office the next day. How does the fragmentation of viewership affect that?

**Zuckerman:** I'm not as nostalgic for that as some people are. Look, there was a time when there was one god, one king, the official voice—things were kind of clear. You know how to get a 100 per cent share of ratings? Have one channel like the Soviet way. It was our way: the CBC. And in a way, the CBC has been kind of downhill ever since. It hasn't really quite ever advanced in a kind of comfortable way with new reality. Fragmentation is a negative word, and it belongs in its language the position of the guy who had it all, and reasons every day that disappears. Once upon a time, the big issue was, who gets to speak? Now, there's a new issue, and the new issue is, if we're all talking, who's listening?

I say to the people who are nostalgic about that unfocused togetherness: work harder. It's the art and science of persuasion, and you can't ever get complacent, because you can't count on them coming back to your one-track any more, so you have to engage their attention. If you can't focus 'em, you've gone nowhere 'em.

**Macdonald:** In the future, should Canadians control regulations to be lifted, strengthened or left alone?



**Zalmer:** What every left-wing idiot in the country would like is for the private good to be awarded for the machinists, hard-hearted capitalist bastards that they really are, yeah? And the best way to do that would be to relieve them of their obligations. They would all go shandering directly into the arms of America, and the CBC would be revealed as our last bastion of nobility and grace. It's a cock. I'm not looking for less Canadian content. I want to make more Canadian content. I resent deeply the way the argument plays itself out, because it suggests that they are nicer people than we are; they do that because they're better-quality human beings. The fact is, they do it because we pay them to do it, and it is sometimes remarkable to see how little of it they have done.

I've been trying for 100 years to produce fiction, but I'm disqualified. The government wrote rules, all of which basically got rigged to benefit the CBC in an off-balance three-firm, or to staff productions of *Albanian* and two or three others,

so-called independents who have taken all that money. I'm saying, you think I don't want to produce prime-time drama? I've been thinking about it my whole life. You say to any privateer who wants to do it, 'Here's a million dollars an hour. Your show's gotta be written by Canadians, directed by Canadians, acted by Canadians. You've got to spend the entire budget on the actual doing of the thing, OK? You get to sell it internationally.' You would see this tremendous blossoming of new brains, more runners, some of which will succeed. That's excellence.

**Maclean's:** Are you a Canadian nationalist?

**Zalmer:** Yes. By that, I mean there is a Canadian voice. The excitement of living in Canada at this time is you not only get to discover it, but you get to define it. That's the beauty of a not yet fully defined country: Canadian culture is what you and I are immersed in, and there are many others like us, but it's the sum total of that. That's an important difference from what it might be in the old established cultures. I mean, you can see England, France, and the basic message is, 'We've been here for a thousand years, you can sit by and add

something, but really we don't need you.' **Maclean's:** If you had one hour as a TV guy in any way, what would you have been?

**Zalmer:** I was headed to be a print guy. My early loves remain writers, and I had decided early on that I was headed for some kind of pseudonym. I read Max Lucario, and as a teenager, I read Walter Lippmann, and I read the columnists, and I thought maybe I might do that kind of thing. I was disabused when I finally got to the world, and found they weren't much interested in my background, my education. By contrast, television was relatively new and, for that reason, less fortified. Once I turned my hand to it, I found I had a knack for it. The best reason for loving anything until it that it loves you.

**Maclean's:** How tempted were you ever to leave here for the United States?

**Zalmer:** My angelly is that I succeeded here. And why do people go from Britain didn't go to California because he had a burgeoning film career in Canada, he went to California because he had no film career in Canada. So my angelly is that at every step, I was actually getting done what I wanted to do.

## Show Business



Rosenburg is good to many artists

## School for stardom

The guy who gets actors ready for their close-ups

BY JOHN INTONI

In a small room tucked into the basement of St. Anne's Parish Hall in Toronto's west end, David Rosenburg has the spotlight. The 42 students who've gathered for his Sunday evening acting class remain totally focused during the five-hour session, as Rosenburg dissects each word of their taped footage with a precision acquired through years of directing, and teaching hundreds of young actors with stars in their eyes. For the dozen students—many of whom came from TV commercials—and for scores of other Canadian actors, Rosenburg is god.

At any given time, Rosenburg—a professor in York University's graduate theatre program and, at St. Anne's, teacher (who hand-picks his students) of Equity Showcase Theatre's acting for the camera class—is working with about 75 actors, almost all of them Canadian. Hundreds of his St. Anne's alumni currently work full-time on projects in Los Angeles, New York City, Toronto and Vancouver. Included in that group are Scott Speedman from *Friday*, Holly Sharron, who most recently played Margaret in the CBC miniseries *Twisted*, and Dennis Burns from *The Associates*. Many actors travel back to Toronto for Rosenburg's advice, while others

have become phone repales. "When these guys get to Los Angeles they forget that they're in a different time zone," laughs Rosenburg, who also works as an acting coach. "My wife sometimes gets annoyed that I've given out too many numbers when the phone rings at one in the morning."

Rosenburg teaches with a unique approach. During class, he quietly observes as his students videotape themselves performing short scenes in pairs or on their own. The group then gathers around a TV to watch the tape, and Rosenburg steps in. While it's at times painful for students to hear, he offers blunt but constructive criticism of their scene. "I'm not interested in missing values," says Rosenburg. "Occasionally I hear back that I'm mean, and it just makes me laugh because I've seen acting teachers who would make me look like a puppy dog. One thing that does bother me is someone who has the physical and emotional gifts that are frightened."

Rosenburg protects his students' fragile ego with his humour—and his acuity as a teacher. "People need to face certain realities about their skills, and David is great at making us see our strengths and weaknesses," says Sharron, 28, who's been working with Rosenburg for six years and often travels home from Los Angeles to take his classes. "People were conspi-

ously me for some of the choices I made playing Margaret, and I just said, 'Thank David.' He's pretty much taught me everything I know about acting."

Rosenburg, 52, started out as a director. After earning a masters in directing from Yale in 1976, the Toronto native ran two theatre companies, stewarding a slew of plays—including the mid-1980s Broadway show *The News*. In 1987, Rosenburg, who also writes novels, moved back to his hometown from New Orleans—he was on the faculty of Tulane University—after accepting a teaching job in York. But he says some of his most fulfilling work comes when he escapes twice a week in his acting studio in the room next to St. Anne's school kitchen. "Sometimes I'm just amazed when I realize that it's 11 o'clock and I've barely got up for five hours and yet I'm not tired."

He is currently doing pre-production work for his screenplay *Antidote*, which he plans to direct early next year using only Canadian talent to fill the credits. "I have made really good guys who are willing to do it at a reasonable price," he says. "The big problem is finding time to shoot around their schedules, and of course getting the financing together."

Even after 15 years Rosenburg still gets butterflies before teaching at St. Anne's. "I still get nervous going into class because I realize that I'm making their money and I owe them a lot." The payoff for some of David Rosenburg's students can be big, though: an ability to write their own credit to show his success.

10 years

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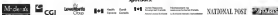
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Bottled water allowed most people to stay in town, but the very sick, like Ian Smith, 6, were rushed to big-city hospitals

## Deadly incompetence

There were many villains in the Walkerton disaster

The signs of the Walkerton disaster are widespread now, from the poison on Toronto garbage cans that proclaim the city's water is rated 300,000 times a year to the Vermont, N.S., grow of two-year-old Mary Rose Raymond. Seven people died—Mary Rose and six women, five of them elderly—after a lethal strain of *E. coli* bacteria invaded Walkerton's water system in May, 2000. More than 2,300 others in the Ontario town of 5,000 were taken ill, some suffering permanent damage to their health. Media reports, later confirmed by a judicial inquiry, revealed a staggering level of local incompetence and negligence—news that both horrified and, paradoxically, reassured Canadians by suggesting the tragedy was an isolated event. But Colin Perkel, a Canadian from Toronto who stayed on the scene from the beginning, is having none of that. As Bill of Larc (McClintock & Stewart) makes clear, Walkerton is far from unique across Canada; 10 people die from water-borne diseases every year.

The story revolves around the Koebel brothers, Stan and Frank, their rise to power for above their capacities and their interaction with a provincial government

determined to cut red tape and costs. Both high school dropouts, the brothers began working for the Walkerton Public Utilities Commission in their teens. Hard-working Stan, the older son of a man who was friendly with the PUC board of commissioners, became manager in 1988, at age 35. Frank's successful bid as treasurer

Together they inherited problems with a tradition of reporting false chlorination levels, and the protection provided by dishevelled provincial supervision. When the Environment Ministry noticed contamination reports, Stan would simply swear that he would increase chlorine ratios—promises he knew were lies even as he made them. As soon as he gave orders to mix them, Frank—who had hands on control of the wells and heard the chemical hiss—would lower them. He then supplied his brother with bogus chlorine counts. A nervous Stan would pass them on to the ministry. He eventually slipped over the duplicating, though, since no one ever seemed to look at the data.

As an astonishing image almost coalesced—the Koebels doing their Keystone Kops act with the chlorine controls while the province plays ineffectual police

commissioner, Perkel displays a humane—and justifiable—sympathy for the ill-educated brothers. Frank had an almost religious faith in the purity of the new water, and even Stan didn't fully grasp that they were playing with people's lives.

And why should the Koebels have feared? Nothing had happened for over a decade, not until May 12, 2000, when what meteorologists called a "60-year rainfall" came. In the days before, Frank had moved the old chlorinator on well 7, but didn't get around to replacing it. Meanwhile, the farmer whose land abutted well 5 opened a vapour's worth of cattle manure over his fields. When the normal downpour washed the *E. coli*-laden manure into the well, it entered a water system that was even more unchlorinated than usual.

At this point in his story Perkel switches to a wry, dry wit, a narrator that combines the narrative drive of a thriller with the inevitability of Greek tragedy. Within a week, sick people, wracked by bloody diarrhea, start showing up at area hospitals. One after another they are sent home to rest and drink plenty of fluids, the very stuff that was killing them. (The one relatively young adult to die, 56-year-old Betty Trushinski, was an "avid water drinker," notes Perkel.) Stan, terrified for his reputation and hoping everything will blow over, hides adverse test results from the regional health authority. If Stan had come clean, the inquiry concluded, doctors would have issued the boil-water advisory days earlier, and up to 400 illnesses would have been prevented. If the health authority had published an advisory more widely, still more people would have been spared. If the Environment Ministry had paid attention in the first place... There are many villains in Perkel's cautionary tale, far fewer heroes—and no reason at all for complacency.

Debra Schuchman



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## The ticking Daddy clock

**Y**ou're a childless guy in your 30s, minding your own business, when suddenly, at the family reunion or office picnic or some poor sucker's wedding, somebody passes you one of them. *Awww*, that you're being observed by already-reproducing females, you do what's expected, make a goo-goo face, bounce her on your knee, say her name in an odd, squeaky voice, as though you've just sucked her in. The lady gurgles on cue. Spits on the shirt you just picked up at the dry cleaner. Loses a whoopee-cushion blast followed by a snarl you wouldn't think possible coming from something so small.

But here's the weir. You don't mind. Nothing matters but these twelve-and-a-quarter pounds of brand new human wriggling in your hands. Before you can set up a patented Tummy Roadblock, the thought leaps into your mind. *Maybe they're not so hot.*

And what's up with that tick-tock sound in your head?

We all know the female biological clock is a fact of modern life. A media cottage industry has emerged bent on celebrating baby strategy in over-35 women. The latest cause for worry is Sylvia Ann Hewlett's book, *Creating a Life: Professional Women and the Quest for Children*. Contrary to the perception that medical advances have allowed women to wait longer than ever to start a family, Hewlett argues that the risks of later procreation persist and even the latest fertility treatments don't come with a guarantee. For Hewlett, "the biological clock is real." And after a woman's 35th birthday, time is running out.

Does it get all women concede the existence of literal egg counts ticking away within, men of my age agree on the time. We can remember the day a couple of years ago when our independence, sex-for-sex's-sake female friends did a conventional backup on "life priorities"—not to mention doing something. What used to be conflict-driven or flimsy excuses became a code to job interviews. Got X's mating rituals have now largely been reduced to the diligent, earnest of bedsheet eyes and wavy hair, what remains the table are fire-eyes plans, mutual fond peroxide and apocryphal humor.

A side effect of this romantic pragmatism has been that men in their 30s (and even those in their supposedly over-matured 40s) who were previously considered invisible men enjoy the kind of feminine attention known only to

femenine and the sons of ex-prime ministers. One friend recently confessed that her ex-husband had noticed to the point that she'll now go out with any guy who is "intelligent" and has his own teeth.

So the chances of today's childless women over 30 ring louder than Notre Dame. But what of the male biological clock? I confirm to having one. It came late, and is tolling, thankfully, but yes to reach a volume that one would consider a detour from carrying on the head-in-the-clouds, slacken's life that men of my generation have perfected. But still, it's there. A heart leap at the sight of the neighbor's kid on his father's shoulders (watch his head on the one-way sign). An ache whenever that wee one in the park is wheeled into the Second Cup while I'm studying the sports pages.

I want the best I can. God knows, the last thing any of us needs is someone else to think about besides ourselves. And if that someone can't even ask "Would it be better off buying Tickle Me Elmo and spending the education savings plans on something useful, like a GameCube or those cell phones that fold out into tiny computers so you can ignore both e-mail and phone calls from anywhere in the world."

The trouble is, unlike previous generations of men who found themselves fathers before they knew what hit them, today's hypothetical daddies-to-be have played beat-the-clock for so long that once they let their guard down for a second—*whew!*—it's being on the July jumper.

Men must consider the risks of becoming a parent at an advanced age just as women do. A recent Columbia University study shows that men between 45 and 49 are twice more likely to have children with schizophrenia than those under 25, while men over 50 are three times as likely. There's also evidence that later fatherhood can contribute to conditions as diverse as prostate cancer, neurofibromatosis and dwarfism. Sure, Julio Iglesias had healthy twin girls last year at age 57—but who wants to emulate Julio Iglesias?

So do men have a biological clock? Perhaps it's best not to ask for whom the bell tolls... at least until after the playoffs.

*Andrew Pyper is the author of Loose Girls. His second novel, The Trade Mission, will be published in the fall.*



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